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New Orleans And All That Jazz

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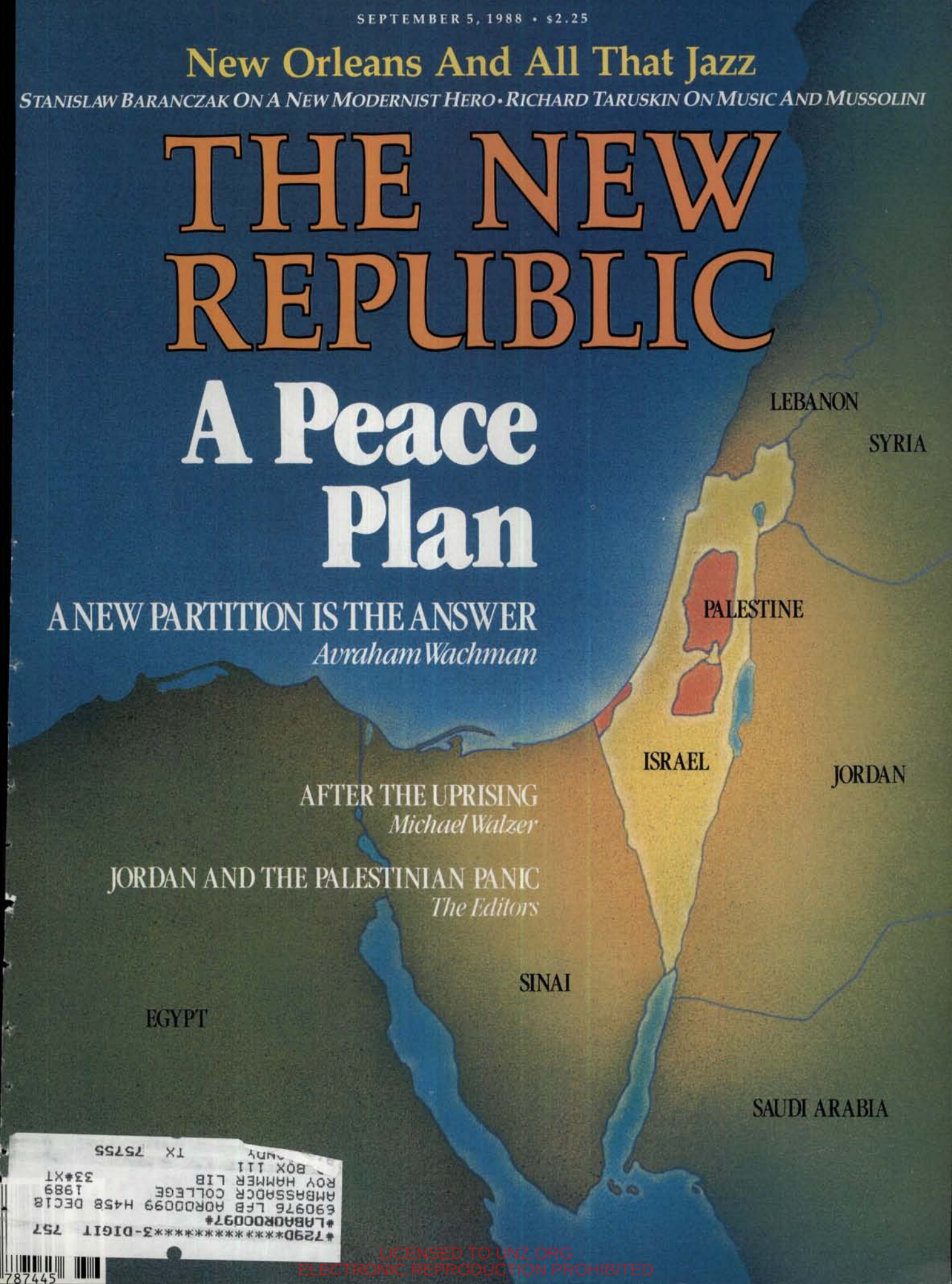
THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Peace Plan

A NEW PARTITION IS THE ANSWER
Avraham Wachman

AFTER THE UPRISING
Michael Walzer

JORDAN AND THE PALESTINIAN PANIC
The Editors



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FROM WASHINGTON

Fear Of Frying

Almost 6,000 Americans will die of skin cancer this year. That's a lot. What makes it worse is that skin cancer is the most easily preventable form of cancer other than lung cancer caused by smoking. As we all now know, most skin cancer is caused by overexposure to the sun. Even when it doesn't kill, excessive sun causes premature aging of the skin and non-fatal cancers whose removal can leave scars.

Now that the link between sunlight and skin cancer is well known, the official position of all right-thinking people is that the purposeful exposure of pale flesh to raw sunlight for the purpose of acquiring a tan is almost criminally foolhardy—like smoking. Millions disregard this interdict, of course—including many right-thinkers themselves—but their pleasure is reduced (or enhanced, as the case may be) by guilt.

"You cannot get a tan without damaging your skin," says the president of the American Academy of Dermatology. The Skin Cancer Foundation says, "The term 'healthy tan' is a contradiction in terms." An expert featured in the current issue of *Condé Nast Traveler* recommends using a sunscreen that is the equivalent of "standing in a dark basement at midnight." This consensus about tanning is rapidly becoming a part of the new Puritanism—an issue, like drugs, about which your piety is measured by how extreme a position you're willing to take.

But is it truly necessary, or even advisable, for everyone who enjoys acquiring and sporting a tan to give up that small pleasure? This is the kind of decision our culture is especially ill-equipped to help us make sensibly. Although sunning and smoking both can cause cancer, there are two differences. One is that the risk of getting fatal cancer from even heavy sunning is far smaller than the risk of getting fatal cancer from heavy smoking. More people tan than smoke, but hundreds of thousands die each year from smoking.

Another difference is that in the case of sunning, moderation is a live option. If, after the 1964 Surgeon General's Report, the vast majority of smokers had cut back to two or three cigarettes a day, smoking would no longer be a serious health problem. But smoking is an addiction, and few smokers can hold themselves to two or three a day. There is no such all-or-nothing-at-all dilemma regarding suntans, yet the rhetoric of the new heliophobia rarely allows for any middle ground.

The risk of skin cancer from suntanning has three features that make it difficult for our culture to assess rationally. First, it is a small risk of a large negative outcome. We are shutting down our nuclear power industry because of the tiny chance of a catastrophic meltdown, while we complacently tolerate the certainty of lesser but still serious harms (pollution, mining accidents) from other power sources.

Second, the degree of risk varies with the degree of exposure. No exposure to the sun, however small, is completely harmless and extra caution is never completely wasted. You can always be a bit safer. Under such circumstances, we find it hard to abandon the quest for perfect safety. Especially when—point three—the benefit side of the risk-benefit calculus is "merely" pleasure. The pleasure of a tan does nothing for the world except to make people happy. And, despite our nation's founding commitment to "the pursuit of happiness," we really think happiness deserves no weight whatsoever in making social policy. Or, rather, we all give it weight in our personal decisions, but we abandon it when we're in our civic mode of thought.

No one thinks it is worth getting skin cancer for a suntan. It's not worth a one-in-a-hundred chance and maybe not even a one-in-a-thousand chance. But at some point—one in 10,000, 100,000, a million—trivial pleasure has its legitimate claims even against cancer.

The two professions that guide us through that trade-off, journalism and medicine, both have professional biases against this commonsense truth. Having gone to the trouble of drawing attention to some potential peril, be it skin cancer or nuclear war or the melting of the polar caps, journalists are constitutionally indisposed to play down its enormity or to emphasize how unlikely it is to occur. Doctors are constitutionally disposed (and thank God for it) to be extremely risk averse, and to be absolutists about the trade-off between health and other concerns.

It's true that, at least for white people, any exposure at all to the sun ages the skin and increases the risk of getting cancer. It's also true, however, that the overwhelmingly greatest danger is from sunburns, not from mere tanning. And it seems to be true that your risk of getting skin cancer, and even of premature aging skin, is based primarily on your experience of sunburn as a child, not on your tanning behavior as an adult. Although dermatologists are struggling to prove otherwise, there's no proof yet that long ultraviolet rays, the kind used in tanning parlors and the kind that predominate in sunshine at times other than around midday, are cancerous at all.

In short, the rates of skin cancer we're seeing today are the fruits of ignorant misbehavior over the past couple of generations. If everyone had escaped repeated sunburn as a kid, avoided the sun around midday, used moderately protective lotion the rest of the time, and settled for a butterscotch custard look rather than chocolate pudding, skin cancer would be an insignificant problem today.

More important, if people take these sensible precautions from now on—and if the ozone layer isn't permitted to deteriorate—there's no reason we have to abandon the joys of soaking up the sun. We certainly don't have to do as some dermatologists suggest and drench ourselves in maximum-protection sun block every day as routinely as brushing our teeth.

Anti-tanners say the notion that a tan looks good is a recent cultural artifact. A sun-treated face used to signify outdoor labor; now it signifies leisure. The anti-tanners are hard at work trying to make the pale look fashionable again. Maybe they'll succeed. But if you aren't persuaded, or don't care whether it's fashionable or not, there are still a few good raying weeks left this season. Go ahead. Enjoy. □

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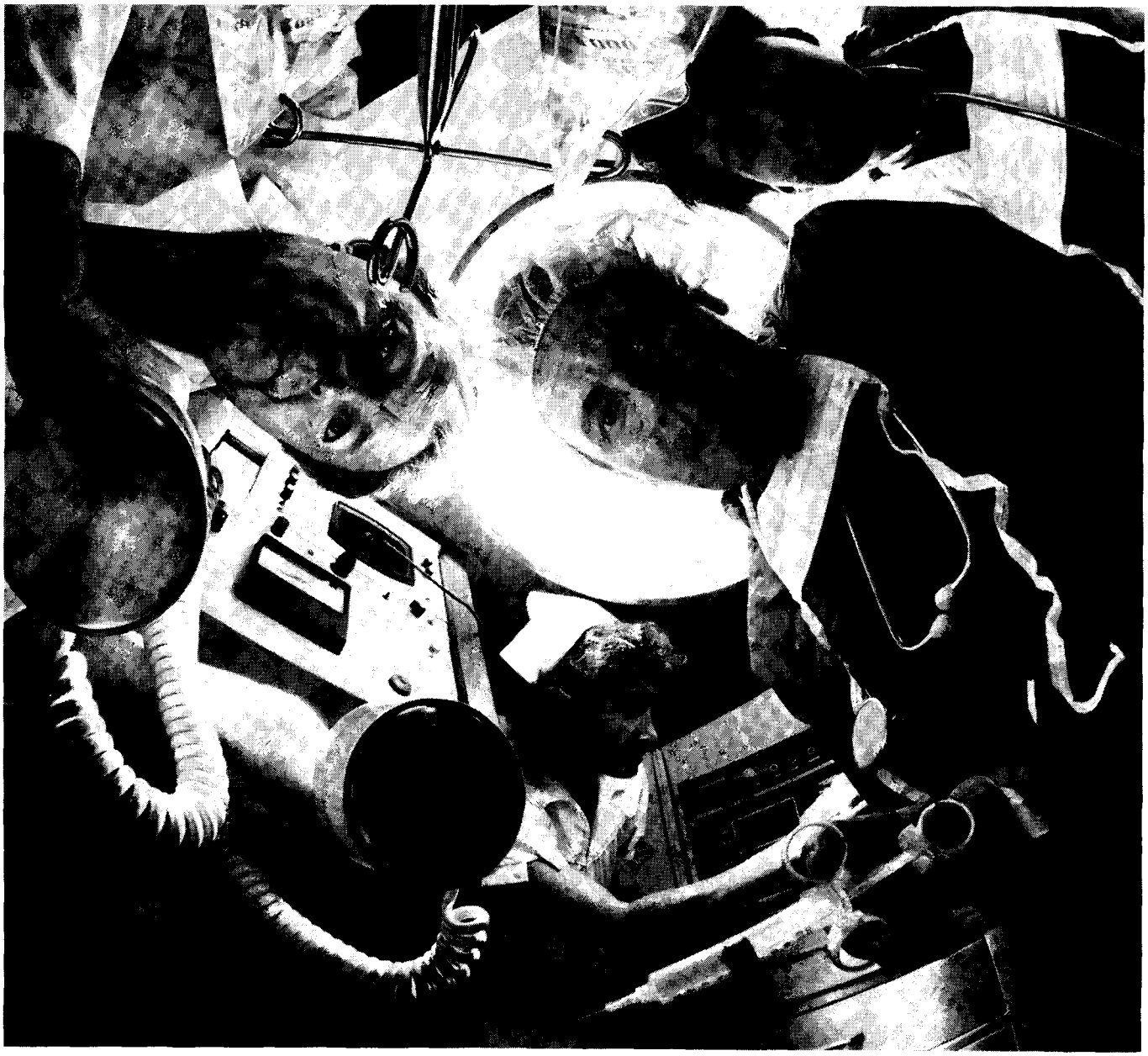

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CORRESPONDENCE

AIDS HEARING

To the editors:

Michael Fumento's recent screed ("The Political Uses of an Epidemic," August 8 & 15) is proof positive that AIDS is not the only epidemic with which America is faced. Apparently the plague of irresponsible "journalism" is also on the rise. If Fumento would have bothered to call me, I could have saved him the embarrassment of so many errors in one article. To cite but two:

1. Neither I, nor anyone else in the White House, has pushed mandatory premarital testing. We have urged that states do *routine* testing whenever possible. The reason for this position is clear. No one knows, not even Fumento, how many Americans are HIV positive, nor do we know the rate with which the disease is spreading. Ignorance of these facts is something that conservatives and liberals alike should abhor.

2. The support for sex education courses that teach children the value of abstinence and fidelity is not based on the advice of "kooky scientists" but rather on the common sense of the American people. Year in and year out parents tell the Gallup Poll they want the schools to teach their children reliable standards of right and wrong. Fumento's argument is with them. Perhaps the third grade is too early an age to talk about abstinence. If it is, then it is also demonstrably too early an age to talk about condoms.

Finally, Fumento gives insufficient weight to what ought to be a main emphasis of government policy: to protect those Americans who are not yet ill. This means that policy-makers and journalists ought to give Americans the most prudent advice possible to avoid this disease. It means we ought to err on the side of caution, until we know for sure whether heterosexual transmission is a big risk or not. What is missing from Fumento's tirade are words like "possibly," "perhaps," and "maybe." The certainty he expresses is not shared by the scientists who daily are working on the difficult questions concerning AIDS that remain unresolved.

GARY L. BAUER
Assistant to the President
for Policy Development
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

At the heart of Michael Fumento's argument is his assertion that the AIDS virus has not and will not spread to the heterosexual population. No respectable medical journal would now publish such an extreme claim. While the available data suggest that heterosexual infection is not growing at the rate previously found in some groups of male homosexuals and i.v. drug users, the Centers for Disease Control believes the precise rate of heterosexual infection cannot yet be determined. AIDS has an incubation period of five or more years. So the case figures Fumento cites indicate only where the AIDS virus was five or more years ago—not where it is today—and expert opinion differs over how high this rate will become in the years ahead. Fumento's guess about the infection rate could turn out to be correct, but those entrusted with public responsibility do not have the luxury of placing personal wishes ahead of the duty to fashion prudent policy.

It is simply not true that Education Secretary William Bennett's cautionary statements about the preventive utility of condoms have been driven by "moral indignation." Despite Fumento's convoluted new defense of condoms, a large body of respected medical opinion now recognizes that prophylactics cannot be said to provide "adequate" protection against AIDS infection during sexual intercourse. And condoms have a particularly high failure rate when used by young people.

Finally, Fumento falsely suggests that Secretary Bennett's publication, *AIDS and the Education of Our Children*, fails to make clear that homosexuals and i.v. drug users form the vast majority of reported AIDS victims. However, on page 1 it states: "Some 88 percent of persons known to have AIDS are homosexual or intravenous drug abusers . . ." *AIDS and the Education of Our Children* had two primary goals: to give teachers and parents the facts (among them the limits of protection afforded by condoms), and to make clear that the most prudent lesson we can offer young people about AIDS is the lesson of individual responsibility in matters of illegal drug use and sexual activity.

JOHN P. WALTERS
Chief of Staff/Counselor to the Secretary
U.S. Department of Education
Washington, D.C.

Michael Fumento replies:

My having noted that two percent of U.S. AIDS cases are classified as native-born and heterosexually transmitted hardly reconciles itself with Mr. Walter's claim that I have asserted "that the AIDS virus has not and will not spread to the heterosexual population." Regarding the Department of Education booklet, the evidence indicates that to the extent that AIDS is being transmitted through heterosexual intercourse it very rarely goes any further than the immediate steady partner of an i.v. drug abuser or a bisexual, and *this* vital information was withheld from readers of the booklet.

I cited the blood tests in answer to the time-lag problem. The prevalence of HIV infection in military recruits not belonging to high-risk groups has been estimated at 0.02 percent or less; in first-time blood donors, 0.006 percent. Most important, these figures have held steady the last two years. Mandatory premarital testing for the AIDS virus in Louisiana has found so few cases that the state has repealed its law. New York City sexually transmitted disease clinics have reported similar results, to the extent that the Department of Health's abstract at the Stockholm conference in June concluded, "In the city with the world's highest reported incidence of AIDS, these results suggest that HIV infection was primarily limited to known AIDS risk group members and their sexual partners." Such is the basis for my "guess." As for condoms, I merely said they are not necessarily any less "unsafe" than relying on perceived monogamy. And condoms do not have a particularly high failure rate when used by young people; young people have a particularly high rate of not using condoms consistently when they claim to rely on them. They're also pretty bad about maintaining monogamy.

Sorry Mr. Bauer, but it seems I've saved a quarter. My insistence on using "mandatory testing" instead of "routine" is a matter of style—I dislike euphemisms. William Safire has quoted Mr. Bauer as saying, "Routine testing at the federal level does not include the right to opt out." It is difficult to see why he would expect a different standard to apply to the states. The states that have effected premarital HIV testing went the manda-

continued on page 41

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
SEPTEMBER 5, 1988

THE PALESTINIAN PANIC

By all logic, the new Palestinian world created by King Hussein's renunciation of responsibility for the West Bank and Gaza Strip should have been alive with the possibility of empowerment. After all, the Hashemite monarch had been viewed, at least in recent years, as an interloper who had kept the Arab-Israeli conflict from emerging as what the Palestinians said it truly was: the struggle of the Palestinians for Palestine. Now here was the king—angered, wounded, whatever—finally letting go, saying to the Palestinians, and to their anointed tribune, the Palestine Liberation Organization, that the land was theirs to liberate, if they could.

But despite some éclat among common folk and a good deal of bravado among PLO officials, the defining Palestinian reactions were alarm and resentment. All the heady talk about a declaration of independence (the draft of which had been prepared by a Jewish philosophy professor from Maryland!) or a government in exile or a provisional government could not disguise the anxiety with which the Palestinians faced the prospect of dealing with Israel and with each other alone. A revealing feature of media reports on intra-Palestinian discourse in recent weeks is the heavy reliance on anonymous comments. This conversation of the faceless is doubtless a protection from the settling of accounts that would inevitably accompany Palestinian self-determination.

The fear of the future and the pique at Jordan were apparent even in the first brave statements out of Baghdad and Tunis. And these then became official doctrine via a long and sulking interview with Yasir Arafat in the Saudi Arabian daily *Asharq al-Awsat*: Hussein had not consulted him, and the other Arabs had not alerted him. And who would now actually service the Palestinians in the occupied territories? And where, Arafat petulantly demanded, was the immediate $128 million and the $43 million monthly supplement promised at the Arab summit in Algeria in June?

The PLO's dread of going it alone may be unique in the annals of modern nationalism. In its way, though, this is the most honest aspect of Palestinianism today. It reflects the flimsiness of the unitary national idea among the Palestinians and the complicating tenaciousness of ties that continue to undermine it, not the least of which is the burdensome dream of pan-Arabism. And it reflects the strength of the genuine Palestinian links with Jordan. Jordan being itself the largest part of British Mandate Palestine, and having absorbed as citizens hundreds of thousands of Palestinian refugees besides, it counts at least as many Palestinians within its borders as there are in the occupied territories. Most of its leading politicians and professionals are Palestinians. To be sure, many of those who remember life in the West Bank during the Hashemite rule, from 1948 to 1967, may harbor grievances against Jordan, which neglected economic development on the West Bank and discriminated against Palestinian Christians. Nonetheless, the king permitted a civil, if not exactly democratic, polity that was unparalleled in the Arab world—and, for that matter, still is.

And then there is the matter of Israel's sentiments about Jordan. Any concessions Israel might offer in pursuit of a settlement would be larger and more generous if made directly to Jordan than to a state that Jerusalem would (justifiably) consider a Palestinian rump. And in the unlikely event that something akin to bilateral talks between Israel and the Palestinians were to take place, there could be no accord without commitments and sanction from Jordan. Just look at the map. (See, for example, the map of the "double-column" peace plan on page 21.) Arafat, cast adrift by Hussein (whose good offices in pushing forward the "peace process" he had abused and disdained), lamely proposed a joint Egyptian-Palestinian delegation as an alternative. This gesture—supposedly a rebuke to Hussein—was in fact a desperate improvisation, a fig leaf to cover the

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emptiness of Palestinian diplomacy.

The Hashemites—especially King Hussein and his grandfather Abdullah—have long been the scapegoats for the failures of the Palestinians, and of the other Arabs with regard to Palestine. The primal sin was that Abdullah realized early on that the Jewish restoration was a permanent fact with which the Arabs had better come to terms. After all, neither indigenous Palestinian insurrections (rather like the present uprising) nor the massed armies of the Arab states had been able to defeat the Zionists on the ground. More than that, much of the land the Jews tilled pre-1948 had been sold to them by leading Palestinians and, in fact, by leading Palestinian nationalists. (Only Abdullah's Arab Legion had fought well enough to preserve some of the Palestinian, and Muslim, patrimony, including Arab East Jerusalem.) Abdullah acknowledged the consequences of the loss of most of Palestine with a clarity that the official Palestinian leadership finds itself unable to match today. In 1951 King Abdullah met death outside the Al-Aqsa Mosque for this realism. A bullet from the same gun barely missed killing his grandson.

In deference to the chief delusion of the Nasserite pan-Arabists and the Palestinians themselves—that the old maps absent Israel might be dusted off and made real—the grandson, King Hussein, reluctantly permitted Jordanian troops to be used in the disastrous assault of 1967, during which the small parcel of Palestine left in Arab hands passed over to the Jews. The question then became: Could some of Palestine yet be retrieved? There were many schemes put forward, all of them requiring the bravery of Hussein. And Hussein was willing. He was faulted, nevertheless, for being cowardly or at best irresolute, even by friends and by those who understood his predicament but were impatient with him, including the editors of this journal. There were Israelis who were eager to be his partner, but, especially when he seemed ready to oblige, they couldn't produce an official consensus in Jerusalem. Hus-

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	THAT ERIE FEELING	7	5
2.	GETTING CROSS	*	2
3.	HIGH NOONAN	2	2
4.	CITIZEN VAIN	*	2
5.	TEN PERCENT SOLUTION	—	1
6.	FEINTS GO MARCHING IN	3	8
7.	BURMA SHOVE	—	1
8.	THE ICEMAN GOETH	—	1
9.	FRONT-PAGE SNOOZE	—	1
10.	PLAYING A NEW TOON	*	11

Environment. Lake Erie is 80 degrees, forests are dying, fires are raging, the air is ghastly, getting some sun has become bizarre behavior, and the big question is, what kind of clouds will form from ocean vapor? Maybe you've always wondered how the media would treat a potentially life-changing story. Here you are: the banality of catastrophe.

Last Temptation. Scorsese's film has become a cultural vortex, drawing such exotica as the work of Elaine Pagels and Jaroslav Pelikan, debating Catholic theologians, Franco Zeffirelli, anti-Semites, and British censors to its center. The U.S. furor, centering on a "Who was Jesus?" line, suggests spiritual insecurity. Look at Italy; it often shrugs at blasphemy.

Oratory. The rise of speeches as an attention-getting form has made a star, of sorts, of one speechwriter. Peggy Noonan is the Marni Nixon of the GOP; she seems to have written every memorable phrase uttered by a Republican in recent years. Is there a new American rhetoric that accounts for all the recent attention to speechmaking? Or is this just an empty campaign angle?

Murdoch. Hearst had an agenda, McCormick had an agenda, all the press lords out of our past had an apparent purpose in accumulating their power. Murdoch's purpose seems to be to buy more media to get more money to buy more media. Given the power and glamour, this story seems awfully bloodless. Is it?

Inflation. The Fed's move to raise the prime interest rate supposedly fed concerns about our uncertain economic future. But wait a minute. Economic concerns weren't based on an overheated situation. Just the opposite. The whole unfathomable mess is resolving itself into one bugaboo election word. Not "deficit"; nobody can grasp that. Debt, debt.

The race. Choosing Quayle for "generational" reasons—if that's what Bush did—seems pretty iffy. Boomers have yet to show tribal loyalties; even in the '60s boomer subgroups hated each other. The thrust of the choice looks internal; Bush had to ignite some excitement on his own. So the GOP's the party of heavyweights, is it?

Burma. Popular uprisings in places we never think about have become a subgenre of '80s news. We tend to welcome them as freedom's inexorable reflex. Yet the key to whether these uprisings will get anywhere is usually omitted—i.e., Do the societies in revolt have a petite bourgeoisie? South Korea does, Haiti doesn't, and neither does Burma.

Gretzky. The first thing to note about the Gretzky story is that he's a hockey player, and nobody cares about hockey. There still are no network hockey broadcasts. Pushing this story is ill will toward Gretzky's wife. The Emasculating Wife remains an enduring archetype. See Folk Tale Type 1408, according to the classic Aarne-Thompson catalog, or your daily newspaper.

Political apathy. One political reporter claims it is now acceptable to ignore this campaign, and op-ed pieces here and there support that. Further, video dealers and independent TV stations are enjoying a viewer windfall from the conventions; their shameless anti-political ads and gleeful counterprogramming actually border on being anti-participatory.

Decline. Are we seeing the rise of a decline-of-the-U.S. pop genre? *Tucker* deals explicitly with large corporations and their postwar stifling of ingenuity. Destructive postwar corporate behavior is also the subplot of, of all things, *Roger Rabbit*. And Weaver's *Suicidal Corporation* has gotten great reviews from the *right*; a sense of big-time capitalism's flop is running deep.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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sein understandably feared that our own fickle government might compromise Jordan's interest as soon as the PLO uttered some meaningless incantation about the innocence of its aims. This summer, in the weeks prior to his big announcement, his fears were reinforced by Americans courting the PLO.

But, beyond that, in the end Hussein knew that he could not win back—even under the best of circumstances and from the most unimaginably dovish Israeli government—enough of Palestine to avoid being stigmatized yet again as a traitor. For most Palestinians would feel betrayed if he ceded even one square inch of their patrimony, all of which is now under Israeli rule.

This is why Hussein's continued presence as a diplomatic actor was so convenient for the Palestinians, especially those who loathe him. None of their organizations has ever been ready to undertake a plausible initiative toward Israel; he was performing that chore for them—under the unwritten condition that they and the other Arab states would never permit him to succeed. For them, his central presence on the diplomatic scene was a comforting rationale for two Arab failures—the failures of peace and of Palestinian self-determination.

In walking away from a melancholy family relationship with the Palestinians of 70 years, Hussein is trying to elude the black hand of the assassin. The king knows that intramural feuding, the perennial ghostwriter of Arab politics, cannot finally be stilled. But he hopes now to avoid giving it proximate provocation. Perhaps he must fail; perhaps the delirium of modern Arab nationalism is incompatible with any semblance of domestic tranquillity.

THE KING already has had the ironic personal satisfaction of seeing dozens of interlocutors, Palestinians and non-Palestinians, official and unofficial, trek to the palace and beseech him on behalf of the perpetually ungrateful to cushion the blow, not to make the break final, to at least wait in the wings in case he's needed. These imprecations are motivated by doubt, by cupidity, by fright. But they also embody a basic truth: Hussein's withdrawal from the West Bank will not open the way either to a moderate internal Palestinian politics or a reasonable external Palestinian diplomacy.

There are, of course, Israelis who hope dearly that this is so, and they are busily silencing the stray and fugitive figures among the Palestinians who may want to prove otherwise. Their exertions are superfluous. It is not very likely that the extremist archetype of the Palestinian nationalist is about to be undone by the decisions of Palestinian apparatchiks. The much-touted dovish statement of PLO spokesman Bassam Abu Sharif, for example, turns out to have been contrived to soften up Western elites. After getting front-page attention, it was parried by Arafat, denounced by his No. 2, then "clarified" beyond recognition by the author himself. The only difference between this and previous conciliatory straws in the wind is that Abu Sharif is still alive. And with good reason; no one who witnessed his remarkable belligerence on ABC's "Nightline" of April 25 can doubt that he has all along been a loyal foot soldier, that his occasional spells of calm reason are produced on orders from above.

Despite the "opportunities" and "challenges" that experts say have been opened up for the Palestinians by Hussein's initiative, it is, in fact, business as usual, certainly outside the occupied territories, where real Palestinian authority still resides. Hence Call No. 23 of the Uprising Leadership, broadcast from Baghdad, exhorts the Palestinian masses to mark the anniversary of the "hideous crime" of the "Zionist burning of the blessed Al-Aqsa Mosque," when in fact the arson was committed by a crazed Christian Fundamentalist. The Call also announces the continued boycott by Palestinians of meetings with Assistant Secretary of State Richard W. Murphy. This was a surprise and disappointment to some of the Palestinians' most eager well-wishers. Painstaking negotiations had been conducted, with Egyptian officials serving as intermediaries between Washington and the PLO. The United States had made a major concession, agreeing to meet with a Palestinian delegation designated by the PLO itself, so long as the delegation did not include PLO officials. Once this PLO demand (and one or two others) was met, the ante was upped, prompting Palestinians in the territories, such as Hana Seniora, to wonder cautiously about the PLO's "excessive" demands. But they soon fell into lockstep. It's an old, familiar story. So long as the Palestinians have nothing reasonable to say, they will insist that no talks of any sort be held.

IN THE MEANTIME, Palestinians are busying themselves with the question of how the PLO will fill the vacuum left by the Jordanians. Some oddsmakers tell us the Palestinians are about to overcome their two-decade-old aversion to forming a government in exile; others say a provisional government is in the offing. Either one will win them another small skirmish in the prime time wars. It is symptomatic of the lack of realism in Palestinian ranks that the most pragmatic among them—mostly folk who have lived under the occupation and are now involved in the uprising—are apparently prodding their more fanatic comrades into finally accepting the 1947 partition plan. This may be traumatic for the Palestinians, so relentlessly have they been mobilized in the collective denial of the facts. But the 1947 partition plan, eagerly accepted by the Zionists then, is just another Arab dream of another obsolete map. The Palestinians will have to do much better than that. More than four decades of history, of wars launched against Israel's very life, cannot be annulled simply to appease the Palestinians' fantasy of how they would like the world to look.

And what of the practical problems? The Palestinians talk blithely about infrastructure and services and passports and the maintenance of order. But something as simple as transferring a large sum of money to the territories cannot be accomplished without Israeli cooperation. Does the PLO really believe that Palestinian laws, as yet unmade, will suddenly obtain in Nablus and Hebron? Does it still pretend that meaningful decisions about the

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Palestinian future can be made independently of Israel? Such delusions may help ease some of the fresh insecurities that now afflict Palestinians. But they are delusions nonetheless. On such empty hopes must the population of the territories continue to feast.

NOTEBOOK

□ GEORGE BUSH'S ANSWER TO GEORGE BUSH: The essential absurdity of George Bush as the Republican Party's standard-bearer is that he's only there because Ronald Reagan happened to choose him as a running mate during a few hectic hours in 1980. Reagan chose Bush for the same ideological ticket-balancing reasons for which Republicans now ridicule Michael Dukakis's choice of Lloyd Bentsen. Yet those same Republican activists must now accept and promote Bush as the heir of the Reagan legacy. Why George Herbert Walker Bush has chosen James Danforth Quayle as his own vice presidential running mate is a subject for speculation more psychological than political. But the poignant result is that a party wishing to be perceived as tough and ideological has invested its fate in two silver-spoon boys without a drop of genuine ideological vision—or, indeed, a serious thought on any serious political subject—between them. At least Bush in 1980 could claim "experience," based on a credential-laden résumé. Quayle can claim nothing but the great man's nod. A pretty-boy pinhead, he makes George Bush look like a man of great stature and depth. Maybe that was the idea, although he does much the same for Lloyd Bentsen as well. The notion that yuppies will flock to Quayle because he's young, or women because he's good-looking, reflects the kind of dumb, mechanical calculation that ought to have been beneath the skilled political strategists who have achieved such success for the GOP over the past decade. In short, Dan Quayle is George Bush's answer to George Bush, but who was asking?

□ WHO'S IN COMMAND HERE?

COLIN POWELL IN COMMAND
—*Washington Post Magazine* cover story, August 7

ADMIRAL CROWE IN COMMAND
—*New York Times Magazine* cover story, same day

(Not to mention: **COLIN POWELL TAKES COMMAND**
—TNR cover story, May 30)

(thanks to several readers)

□ UNISTRATEGY:
"Unisys disclosed two other cases of possible overcharging on military contracts and said it has taken steps to confront the problem. The disclosures reflect the computer company's concern both for its defense business, which accounts for a quarter of its revenue, and for the broader impact of the Pentagon procurement scandal on Unisys's image." —*Wall Street Journal*, July 20, page 1

"We're looking for self-motivated aggressive salespeople with a proven track record [and] the ability to call on top decision makers." —Unisys advertisement, same paper, same day, page 13

(thanks to David Rygalski, New York, New York, and William Massey, Columbia, Tennessee)

POSTCARD TAIWAN

RAMBO IV

LIVID FARMERS pelt the U.S. embassy with chickens. Fed-up cabbies block major roads. Chanting students march on the Department of Education. Brawls erupt on the parliamentary parquet, and a legislator dubbed "Rambo" rips out microphones, jumps on desks, and stomps on legislation. These are just a few of the signs of change in Taiwan. In the last year, four decades of martial law and a ban on mail and travel to mainland China have all been lifted. Taiwan's first opposition group, the Democratic Progressive Party, has emerged to goad even greater reform. Issues that were taboo even in private discussion only a few years ago—an independent Taiwan, the late president's illegitimate sons—are now aired on the streets and the front pages.

Less dramatic, but more telling, is a change of guard among the elites. The octogenarians of the ruling Kuomintang party (KMT) are being replaced by younger, more savvy politicians with a talent for p.r. Last May the Miss Universe Pageant was held in Taiwan. And a recent ad in the *New York Times*, paid for by the Taiwanese government, declared that Taiwan was nearing "the summit of its democratic ascent," and compared Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the avowedly anti-populist founding father of the Republic, to Abraham Lincoln. It's a change from the anti-communist boilerplate that was once the Taiwanese norm.

The younger generation is seizing control not simply because their elders are dying, but also because the old-style KMT is seen as increasingly outmoded. Taiwan is one of the fastest-growing countries in Asia. The average yearly per capita income ($6,000) is twice that of the average Korean ($2,826) and approaching that of the average Singaporean ($7,000). It has risen from $500 in 1949. Yet the politics of the KMT Old Guard remains frozen in 1949. It has never renounced its claim to be the sole ruler of all China, and still retains parliamentary representatives from such far-flung "provinces" as Inner Mongolia. They haven't stood for re-election in 40-some years. They claim they're waiting until their constituencies are able to vote again.

The KMT's official policy toward Communist China is called the "Three Nos": no contact, no compromise, no negotiation. The Old Guard, who are the policy's architects, are all educated in the Confucian tradition, which abhors compromise as a mark of moral weakness. Driven from their homes by the Chinese Communist Party (CCP),

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their experiences of communism are personal, bitter, and humiliating. But their pitch of "run out the Communist bandits, unite with the motherland" is wearing thin. The obligatory propaganda short shown before all movies in public theaters (military parades and the nationalistic sayings of Dr. Sun, set to triumphal music) inspires only glazed stares from young Taiwanese. They see the CCP as a fact of life and not a personal enemy. None of them has ever visited the mainland.

But it isn't only the younger generation that is discovering its political voice. In the last two years there has been a flowering of so-called "self-help groups," politically unaffiliated special interest groups whose membership transcends mainlander-Taiwanese and class lines. Last year Taiwan witnessed 1,800 street protests, by everyone from fruit farmers demanding protectionist legislation to veterans (the traditional ally of the KMT) demanding better retirement benefits. Women, labor, and the handicapped have organized effective lobbies for increased rights; environmental groups are demanding measures to reduce Taiwan's notorious industrial pollution; housewives and professors have united in an effort to protect consumers from horsemeat, reprocessed oil skimmed from garbage, and other unsavory items Taiwanese businessmen have been known to pass off on them. The bloodiest protest in 40 years took place last May in Taipei, in which farmers, students, and opposition party members joined forces against the police. According to government sources, 128 protesters were arrested and 382 policemen and 15 reporters injured during the 17-hour melee.

It is to this assertive constituency, and not some imagined one in Inner Mongolia, that the new generation of Taiwanese politicians must appeal. In experience, education, and outlook, the "young Turk" element within the KMT bears a much stronger resemblance to its opposition, the still technically illegal year-old Democratic Progressive Party (DPP), than to its KMT elders. Ma Ying-jeou, a rising star in the KMT, was educated at Harvard. Chu Kao-cheng, the most notorious of the 12 DPP members in the 300-member legislative Yuan, received a doctorate in philosophy in West Germany. In conversations with journalists, Chu quotes Kant, not Confucius. "Kant said that publicity is the highest principle of political rights. I must speak out!" Chu proclaims in his unique mixture of German and English. Both Ma and Chu make frequent lobbying trips to the United States.

Although many of Ma's and Chu's positions are virtually indistinguishable (both have called for the retirement of old legislators), the two are divided by the insidious "mainlander" vs. "Taiwanese" ethnic issue. All Taiwanese carry identity cards indicating whether their parents are from the island or from the mainland. There's still an official stigma attached to the "natives." Ma is a "mainlander," Chu is a "native" Taiwanese, although both were born and raised in Taiwan. The differences still matter. The "native" Taiwanese, who constitute 80 percent of Taiwan's population, feel they have been disfranchised under KMT rule. Four decades ago, when the KMT fled to Taiwan from mainland China, they brutally imposed their rule on the local population. Scholars estimate that some 20,000 native Taiwanese died. Today the KMT are still referred to as "colonists" by their detractors. At his outdoor rallies, Chu exploits the issue, playing the demagogue in the native dialect: "The KMT has been living off your sweat for decades—and what have you got to show for it?" he bellows.

It is impossible to know how many people support independence. As well as being dangerous (advocating it is a crime punishable by imprisonment), it is defined in many different ways. The DPP, itself divided over this issue, has taken the compromise position that "people have the freedom to advocate Taiwan independence." For the KMT, de jure recognition of Taiwan's de facto independence would mean renouncing its aspiration to be the reunifier and ruler of all of China, upon which it bases its legitimacy.

Behind the mainlander-native split the essential political question is the same one that has been expressed across Southeast Asia, from Korea through the Philippines, and now Burma. The people of Taiwan really want a greater measure of political power and participation. If the reforms continue and more Taiwanese accede to positions of power, the independence movement will probably lose supporters. The "Taiwanization" of Taiwan's institutions is already well under way: nearly 70 percent of the KMT's 2.3 million members and 80 percent of the military are "native" Taiwanese. So is the new president and KMT chairman, Lee Teng-hui. At the KMT's recent 13th party congress, Taiwanese members for the first time gained the majority of seats in the policy-making Central Standing Committee. They have economic and demographic power. And they are quickly learning the political skills necessary to exploit it.

SARAH BURGESS

CAMPAIGN '88

THE BLUES

New Orleans

The Republicans here did their best to hide, at least from the TV audience, their discontent, anxiety, and pessimism. They tried, with some success, to fake the our-day-has-come buoyancy of the GOP conventions of 1980 and 1984, and of the Democratic convention this year. But deep down they feared their time has come and, at least for the time being, gone.

The unhappiest lot were the conservatives, particularly those allied with the conservative movement that had catapulted Ronald Reagan. As you'd expect, they controlled the convention. They approved the most conservative platform of modern times, a detailed treatise even more conservative than the Reagan platforms of 1980 and 1984. On

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virtually every major issue, including touchy social issues like abortion, Bush has adopted a stringently conservative position. A decade ago conservatives would have been giddy over all this as a dream come true. Now they're miserable. "Conservatives have a certain malaise," said Representative Newt Gingrich of Georgia, who should know. He ran for Republican national committee member and lost.

Reagan's imminent departure is partly responsible for the mood swing. He showed up the day before the convention, rushed to a gathering of Republican youth, and attacked the Democratic Party as hopelessly liberal. After Reagan's speech, GOP national chairman Frank Fahrenkopf presented him with a giant gavel. Reagan lugged it across the stage on his shoulder, dipped behind the curtain, and was still carrying it when he ducked out the back of the convention center. For symbolic value, this was perfect. Reagan had no one to pass the conservative mantle to. Bush, who was back in Washington in the process of deciding on Senator Dan Quayle of Indiana as his vice presidential running mate, can never be what conservatives desperately crave—a second Reagan.

Many conservatives simply don't trust Bush. They dismiss the platform as sop. "People like Nick Brady [the new treasury secretary] and Tom Kean [the New Jersey governor whom Bush picked as keynote speaker] will be running a Bush administration, not the people who put the platform together," said Paul Weyrich of the Free Congress Foundation. Besides, said Reagan's pollster Richard Wirthlin, the platform means zilch politically. It affects "one-half of one-tenth of one one-hundredth" the electorate.

Weyrich's outfit sponsored a "family forum" in connection with the convention. Selling Bush there took a special effort. Phyllis Schlafly, the anti-feminist leader and also a convention delegate, lauded Bush's proposal for a $1,000-per-child tax credit for families making less than $20,000. She responded to Senator Edward Kennedy's question at the Democratic convention, Where was George? "There is, of course, a very good answer to that. George was dry, sober, and home with his wife." This drew cheers.

THE SELECTION OF Quayle failed to inspire either conservative skeptics or Bush supporters. Quayle is a conservative, but not enough of one. He was damned by faint praise or no praise. Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah said Quayle evoked "mixed emotions." Richard Richards, the former Republican national chairman, shrugged his shoulders when asked about Quayle. Dick Kamin, the assistant majority leader of the New Jersey Assembly, said he'd have "to digest it" before making a judgment. Dan Casey of the American Conservative Union said Quayle "was the best we could expect. Bush would never have picked a movement conservative like [Representative Jack] Kemp." Another prominent conservative leader complained that Quayle is "Kemp without the outreach" to blacks, Hispanics, organized labor, or Catholics. Michael Ranck, a delegate from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, struggled to say something positive. "Maybe he'll fill the charisma gap."

What's bugging conservatives and other Republicans even more is that they haven't achieved a political realignment. Conservatives "thought we'd have Armageddon," said Gingrich. "Reagan would win, the world would get better, and they'd go home." But it turns out that "a Republican president does not a conservative America make," said Clarke Reed of Mississippi, a leader of GOP conservatives for two decades. Allen Carlson, the president of the Rockford Foundation and a speaker at the family forum, said conservatives in 1984 and 1985 thought they'd become "the new majority. There was a real hubris about it." The loss of the Senate in 1986 partially dispelled the realignment illusion, and the downward drift of the Bush campaign has done the rest. "We're Washington-focused and it's their turf," said Weyrich. "They own it, they run it, they make the rules." He was referring to liberals.

WORST OF ALL, conservatives see liberalism on the march and their agenda stymied. The combination of the end of the Reagan era and "a bit of resurgent liberalism" has demoralized conservatives, said Gary Bauer, Reagan's domestic policy adviser and a convention observer. "There's a tremendous shock because conservatives thought they'd won permanently," said Weyrich. Instead, they're confronted with the prospect of Michael Dukakis, a liberal Democrat, in the White House. "That frightens us," said Gingrich. And if Dukakis wins again in 1992, Democrats "couldn't be defeated maybe for a generation."

Few Republicans here were as candid about their worries as Gingrich, but they were gloomy in private. "There's no enthusiasm for the ticket—none," said an administration official who talked to many conservatives. Nearly everyone groused about something left undone in the Reagan years. An administration official moaned that if Bush loses, the Reagan administration will leave no one behind. "I can name on one hand the number of folks in this administration who want to be careered-in" with civil service jobs.

To my surprise, the Bush crowd and the evangelical Christians who backed Pat Robertson got along reasonably well. Nonetheless the media concentrated on the delegations that bickered. At a meeting of the Georgia delegation, state Bush Republicans circulated the arrest record of the leader of the Robertson faction. When national Bush leaders decided to placate the Robertson folks in Georgia, the Bush wing revolted. State GOP chairman John Stuckey left town. At a Michigan delegation brunch at Arnaud's restaurant, national committee member Peter Secchia chewed out a supporter of Kemp, Elaine Donnelly, who had allied with the Robertson forces. And so on.

In fact, the instances of friction mattered less than the lukewarm feeling about Bush among conservatives. Intensity matters in politics. A White House official said he routinely added three or four percentage points to any poll involving Reagan because conservatives, the grunts of most Republican campaigns, were so strongly committed. In Bush's case, the official subtracts three or four percentage points. That may exaggerate the importance of conservative intensity, but only slightly. Bush doesn't have any

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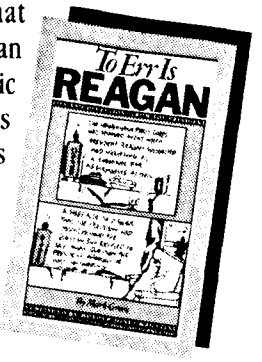

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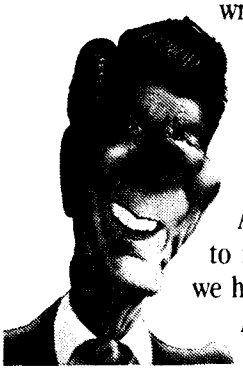

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margin for error, even in a number of Southern states where Wirthlin found him to be weaker than expected.

Wirthlin said conservatives have to be "an integral part of the Bush campaign plan for the fall. The intensity of conservative feelings can be hyped." How? You do what was going to be the central thrust of the Bush campaign anyway: you go negative and trash Dukakis mercilessly as a liberal. Wirthlin put it more euphemistically. "Dukakis enables you to activate the conservative support. You can paint him in bold, liberal colors." GOP chairman Fahrenkopf said that for Bush to win, at least 40 percent of the electorate must regard Dukakis as a liberal. "Right now Dukakis's liberal rating is in the low 30s, but it's going the right way."

The trick, said Wirthlin, is to "cherry pick issues" that appeal to conservatives without alienating Reagan Democrats and other ticket-splitters. Wirthlin has two in mind: prison furloughs in Massachusetts and Dukakis's support for government funding of abortions. Quayle is sure to be assigned the job of denouncing Dukakis unrelentingly as a liberal. He may be good at it. Reagan would be better, but chances are Nancy Reagan won't let her husband slip out of office on such a negative note. Instead, Reagan's job will be to tout his own successes.

Reagan's record is a nice backdrop for the Bush campaign, a far better one than other veeps (Richard Nixon in 1960, Hubert Humphrey in 1968) had. Bush has issues to exploit and also an extraordinarily talented and seasoned campaign staff. The best of the Bushies—campaign chief Jim Baker, media consultant Roger Ailes, pollster Robert Teeter—were highly visible in New Orleans. The Bush campaign has everything except a good candidate. The amazing thing is that Bush still has a shot at winning. Not many people in New Orleans were betting the ranch on it, though.

FRED BARNES

CAMPAIGN '88

WISH LISTS

New Orleans

The good news emanating from both the Republican and Democratic platforms this year is: thank God the candidate doesn't plan to use this document to govern the country. The bad news is that on the most difficult issues facing the next president—how to handle Gorbachev, how to control the budget and trade deficits and restore American competitiveness, and how to uplift the underclass—we haven't the slightest idea what the candidates really will do.

The best policy arguments made at each convention were those designed to demolish the other party's case. The Democrats argued pretty convincingly that Reaganite prosperity was bought on a credit card and can't last, and that George Bush, in any event, "wasn't there" most of the time. The Republicans put dents in Michael Dukakis's claim to have performed a "Massachusetts miracle," and several speakers even tried to steal his favorite label to call the Reagan record "the American miracle." Meanwhile, the platforms failed to make substantive arguments to counter the opposition attacks. A voter looking for information on whom to support this year had better just read the newspapers.

Both of the party platforms are just wish lists for ideological enthusiasts. The Democrats' 5,000-word platform was short on specifics, but the Republicans found the liberal agenda hidden in every vague phrase, matched it with a bill being pushed by a Democrat in Congress, and costed it out (using figures from the Congressional Budget Office) at $43 billion in increased spending for 1989 and $284 billion over five years, plus $33 billion in added costs to the private sector, mainly for mandatory health insurance. "Investing in America and reducing the deficit requires that the wealthy and corporations pay their fair share and that we restrain Pentagon spending," the Democratic platform said. The Republicans took no time whatever to translate this into the "t-and-s" words—tax and spend—inasmuch as Pentagon spending already is at zero growth after inflation.

However, aides to Michael Dukakis point out that he has no intention of asking for the long list of programs contained in the platform—at least anytime soon. The platform signals "the direction we would head in over time and as deficit reduction permits," said Dukakis issues director Chris Edley. "The platform and the campaign are very careful not to make spending commitments we can't keep. So those Republican projections are just fantastic, a hallucination."

Dukakis's position papers and record show him to be a liberal, but a tight one. He is calling for no more than $2 billion or $3 billion in new domestic spending—for economic development, education, drug enforcement, and space. He is avoiding tax commitments, and is promising no draconian defense cuts. The little real information that emerges from the Democratic platform, in other words, suggests that Dukakis, if elected, will have to hold the line against a Democratic Congress hungry for new spending and taxes—but without a mandate for a specific plan for deficit reduction. Congress would have a partisan interest in his success, and in not getting blamed for economic irresponsibility.

Meanwhile, the Republican platform is more than seven times the length of the Democratic document, and contains a plethora of claims and proposals, but it does not represent a binding blueprint for a Bush administration either. Fundamentally the document is a pickup from 1984, when conservatives seized the platform proceedings from the Reagan-Bush campaign. This year Bush did not want to fight with the right, which views him (correctly) as a soft conservative, and so he merely added language to conform with his campaign themes.

The right fiercely held onto language banning abortion

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even in cases of rape, incest, and danger to the mother's life, which Bush disagrees with. And it inserted language barring any arms control agreement with the Soviets that would even postpone "the rapid and certain deployment of SDI," as Reagan and Bush might do by extending the ABM Treaty for seven or ten years in return for 50 percent reductions in nuclear weapons. The Bush forces did defeat attempts in the platform committee to add an endorsement of the brutal Renamo guerrilla force in Mozambique, delete a reference to "majority rule" as the U.S. goal in South Africa, and require AIDS tests for all public transportation workers.

In places the Republican platform makes the party seem ideologically schizophrenic or disingenuous. There are rhetorical invitations for everyone to join the GOP, but the platform rules out plant-closing notification laws, which will turn away working-class Reagan Democrats. It crows about how tax reform eliminated taxes on poor people, but in fact the 1986 law merely lifted tax burdens loaded onto the working poor by Reagan's 1981 tax law and Social Security tax increases. It blames homelessness on liberals and calls for housing vouchers for the poor, even though there is a shortage of low-cost housing units in the country. There is compassionate language about the underclass and about underdeveloped countries, but the remedies consist mainly of morality lectures, not the kind of additional financial assistance that the Republicans elsewhere claim credit for offering to farmers, the elderly, and small business.

IN PART, the platform really does represent Bush governing plans, for better or worse. It expresses a commitment to reducing the tax on capital gains to 15 percent on the grounds that this will stimulate productivity. "Voodoo economics in the hometown of voodoo," remarked one liberal tax expert, citing CBO figures that Bush's proposal would cost $3.8 billion a year. The platform also reiterates Bush's commitment to a child-care allowance for lower-income families, new environmental and educational initiatives, the "flexible freeze" for deficit control, and the pledge never, ever to raise taxes.

Bush's freeze conceivably might work. It might even provide Dukakis with a formula for controlling spending if he gets elected. It provides that overall spending growth should be held to the level of inflation, and it relies on increased revenues produced by growth in the economy—plus lower interest rates—to shrink the deficit gradually. Bush economic advisers say that Congress and the administration already have demonstrated during 1987 and 1988 that they can keep spending increases below the level of inflation, but neither the Bush campaign nor the platform spells out which programs are to be cut or frozen to make up for increases in other programs. This is the big hole in Bush's agenda. It matches Dukakis's failure to say how much revenue, if any, he wants to raise. If Bush gets elected, Congress is not likely to be as helpful to him as it would be to Dukakis.

But despite partisan bickering and platform propaganda, the parties share a consensus on some important issues: deficit reduction, child care, education, research, and job training as national priorities; a determination to hold down defense growth and get the allies to bear more of the burden of defending the West; and a dedication to "free but fair" trade—meaning neither a total free market nor harsh protectionism.

There is also a consensus that Gorbachev presents opportunities and risks to the United States, but neither platform offers anything close to a strategy for dealing with him. On foreign policy the Republican platform—and recent Bush speeches—worryingly quote John F. Kennedy's inaugural pledge to "pay any price, bear any burden . . . support any friend and oppose any foe" to defend liberty. Bush apparently fails to realize that this line signals a willingness to plunge mindlessly into Vietnams and Lebanons in the name of idealism. At the same time, the platform offers what pro-Israeli activists regard as the strongest language ever enunciated by a national party in support of Israel as a strategic ally. Despite that support, and the sympathetic attention that the Democrats have begun to give to the cause of Palestinian nationalism, Jews are still expected to vote 70-30 for Dukakis this year.

THE MOST ARRESTING information to come out of the Republican convention was not in the platform. It was in a collection of data distributed principally by New Hampshire Governor John Sununu disputing Dukakis's claim to have performed economic miracles in Massachusetts. According to a statistical analysis prepared by the state of Maine, Massachusetts unemployment for 1987 was just 0.1 percent better than the New England average, and could be accounted for principally by population loss rather than job creation. In manufacturing, Massachusetts actually lost jobs from 1982 to 1987, and in overall job creation, it ranked last among the six New England states. (Dukakis aides countered that Massachusetts provides jobs for people who live in New Hampshire.) Meanwhile, a Bush economic expert charged—with numbers to back it up—that by 1989 state government indebtedness accumulated under Dukakis "will equal all the debt piled up by the governors of Massachusetts from John Winthrop through Ed King," matching the charge about the national debt leveled by Democrats against the Reagan administration.

In fact, either Dukakis or Bush will have debt and deficits to face as his top priority in January, and likely as not either will end up agreeing to a grand compromise with Congress involving spending restraint and some new taxes. Both party platforms hide that unpleasant truth. But they don't lie entirely. For the long run, they tell the truth: Democrats really do devoutly believe in government, and they see an endless list of problems for it to solve. Republicans believe that if people keep their own money, fend for themselves, and obey the rules, the free market will take care of the problems. A voter might be shocked or confused reading either platform, but fortunately the two parties have each other to keep them from having their own way.

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

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And How the West can help.

BURMA BREAKS

YOU MIGHT CALL it the students' revenge. In 1962, when Gen. Ne Win's military coup ended 14 years of democracy in Burma, his toughest opposition was in Rangoon University. The military responded by razing the student union building and killing over 100 students. In 1974, in riots after U.N. Secretary General U Thant's burial, police opened fire on students with automatic rifles. In March 1988, new unrest was sparked by a student's death in downtown Rangoon. Army orders, according to lecturers who overheard military commands on the campus, were: "Break heads. Break them hard." The toll was around 300 student deaths. Most of them were rounded up by the lake that borders the campus and shot or drowned. Forty students later suffocated in a police van.

Sporadic violence throughout the country finally spread in June beyond the student population. It prompted Ne Win's resignation on July 23 and support for a referendum on one-party rule. But Burma's revolution erupted when the man directly responsible for the student atrocities in 1962, 1974, and 1988, Sein Lwin, was appointed successor. With his emergence, the only chink of political light the Burmese had seen for 26 years—Ne Win's death or retirement—was extinguished. The deaths this time—around 1,000 to 1,500—counted for something tangible. The ousting of Sein Lwin and the special congress of the ruling Burmese Socialist Party on August 19 mark a turning point in the opposition's struggle.

And that struggle is political, not economic. Press coverage of the revolt portraying it as a symptom of economic collapse completely misreads the Burmese crisis. To be sure, Burma has been reduced in 40 years from one of the world's biggest rice exporters to least developed country status at the U.N., and foreign reserves have dropped from $253 million in 1980 to $20 million today. But Burma's domestic rice production has doubled in 40 years and is still just enough to feed its people in an average year. The booming black market acts as a pressure valve for the economy. If it were included in its GNP, Burma wouldn't even qualify for LDC status. With the liberalization announced last fall by Ne Win (freedom for private enterprise in the internal exchange of food), the black market economy could have sputtered along for a few years yet.

In contrast, political oppression is growing. The government has a monopoly on the press, controls schools and universities, maintains informers throughout Burmese society, and since 1980 has reduced Buddhist monks—a central alternative power base—to a party cell organization. Its war against free enterprise extends to the racist denial of citizenship to Chinese and Indian entrepreneurs. Rangoon has also systematically repressed the ethnic minorities in the north and east of the country. The Amnesty International report earlier this year on the Burmese army's policy toward ethnic rebels cited torture, forced labor, mass killings, and rape. "People outside don't understand this about Burma," explained a student when I was in Rangoon last July. "We cannot think what we want to think and we cannot say aloud what we know." The students' April list of grievances contained no economic demands at all.

For a once literate country with a tradition of public civility, tolerance, and democracy, the last 25 years have been a slow lesson in self-hatred. Burma's period of flawed, one-party democracy from 1948 through 1962 ended a century of British and then Japanese rule. It was a brief respite. Most Burmese see Ne Win's tyranny as similar to the old ones—and more shameful. But inhibited by a sense of national unity and a Buddhist aversion to violence, the opposition took time to emerge. When it came, it began in the universities and focused on the West for moral support.

In Washington, it found the Reagan administration. Although publicly a proponent of insurgent democracy abroad, the State Department told the Burmese—literally—to go away. The ethnic groups, who last fall committed themselves to a democratic outcome to their struggle, were refused all U.S. aid when they made their case (see my "Burmese Daze," TNR, November 2, 1987). Their Washington representatives, the Committee for the Restoration of Democracy in Burma, were granted ten minutes with a State Department representative. The official reasons for the snub are that they threaten the unity of Burma (although they publicly support a federal Burmese government) and are financially dependent on the trade in heroin and opium. This latter point is the real issue. U.S. policy toward Burma has long been geared to controlling the drug trade rather than developing a geostrategic presence or promoting democracy in the area. The drug trade continues regardless, and the chance for democratic breakthroughs and U.S. influence in a country bordering India, China, and Thailand is missed.

The ethnic majority Burmans behind the August revolt—the students, monks, and civilians in central Burma—have been similarly ignored. In March I called the State Department for a reaction to the Rangoon student killings. A spokesman refused comment until the figures were clear. I called last week and was told that no diplomatic protest had yet been made. The closest State Department spokesperson Phyllis Oakley has come to any statement of solidarity with over 1,000 unarmed people killed in a clear struggle for democracy was: "We deplore the shooting of unarmed demonstrators and believe that non-lethal means should be employed to deal with such demonstrations." Would tear gas have been all right?

The administration claims it has no leverage in Burma. But it remains the political leader of Japan and West Germany, the major creditors and investors in the country. It has always had the option of supplying military aid to the democratic insurgents. (As a Rangoon student told the *Washington Post*, "If the U.S. can give aid to the *contras*,

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they can give aid to us.") Other countries have taken a stand. Earlier this year the Japanese Finance Ministry made overtures to Ne Win, promising investment of three trillion yen if Rangoon agreed to economic and political reform. The offer may well have prompted Ne Win's July 23 support for liberalization. But Japan is not willing to act alone: a unilateral move would evoke memories of Japan's invasion of Burma in the Second World War and alienate much of Southeast Asia. Washington has to take the lead.

What chance is there? The Burma Socialist Party Congress meets August 19. It faces insurrection in the streets, a civil war in the country's outlying regions, and $4 billion of foreign debt owed mainly to Japan and West Germany. The United States has plans to airdrop food if rioting continues. But we have greater leverage than that for democratic reform. The people of Burma deserve no less resolve from their democratic allies than they have already shown in the face of tanks.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

The self-reference craze.

META-MUSINGS

"This is the theme to Gary's show, the opening theme to Gary's show, this is the music that you hear as you watch the credits . . ." —theme song of "It's the Gary Shandling Show"

In the movie *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*, Roger—a real-life animated rabbit who makes his living acting in 1940s cartoon shorts—is confronted with a detective's pictures of his wife in compromising positions. He examines the snapshots rapidly, as if thumbing through a deck of cards, and the successive images begin to blend into a moving picture. The audience laughs at the joke: a cartoon character who works as a cartoon character has created his own cartoon character.

The film is only cashing in on America's latest social and pop-intellectual trend: self-reference. You see it in the humor of television's "Gary Shandling Show," with its highly self-conscious theme song and star (who's been known to spy on other characters in the sitcom by looking into video monitors). You see it in intensified coverage of the media by the media; last year marked the first time a Pulitzer Prize was awarded to a journalist whose beat is the press. Above all, you see it in the popularity of a once-obscure prefix, "meta," which has been called in to describe these activities. Hence: "meta-cartoon," the only word English has for Roger's brief animation experiment. According to David Justice, editor for pronunciation and etymology at the Merriam-Webster Dictionary, "meta" currently is "*the* fashionable prefix." He predicts that, like "retro"—whose use solely as a prefix, is so, well, retro—"meta" could become independent from other words, as in, "Wow, this sentence is so *meta*." If so, you heard it from me first.

But enough about me—let's talk about my article. "Meta" was first popularized by Aristotle, who, in seeking a name for the sequel to his blockbuster *Physics*, settled on *Metaphysics*. All he meant by the prefix—Greek for "after" or "beyond"—was that the second book had come after the first. But since the second book was about what lies beyond physical reality, people mistakenly, though plausibly, gave the word its current meaning: "*Beyond* physics." "Meta," by extension, came to mean "a level beyond."

During the last hundred years or so, academics realized that this concept could open up fresh terrain for disciplines thought to have run their course. "Meta" rejuvenated subjects like ethics, literary criticism, and mathematics with "meta-ethics," "meta-criticism," and "metamathematics." These specialties study, respectively, the ethics of adhering to an ethical system, the criticism of criticism, and the logic of logical systems. The self-reference industry had been born.

META FIRST SAW a glimmer of its current faddishness in 1979, when a computer guru, Douglas Hofstadter, published the book *Gödel, Escher, Bach: An Eternal Golden Braid*. In this cult classic—which hundreds of thousands bought but few finished—Hofstadter explained how self-reference had figured in the works of the three title characters. The artist M. C. Escher, for example, was fond of depicting logically impossible drawings, of, say, a drawn hand sketching a human hand, or of a painting that contains the gallery in which it is hung. The book's index included 25 words beginning with "meta," many of them coined by Hofstadter, who has a near-obsession with Russian-doll ideas. Thus, "meta-language" (a language used to describe a language); "meta-intuition" (an intuition about one's intuition); and "meta-hiccup" (a concept illustrated when one of Hofstadter's fictitious characters says, "If you are but a hiccup in my brain, I myself am but a hiccup in some higher author's brain").

But even with people like Hofstadter applying the prefix to everything they can think of, language is still playing catch-up with reality. For each new "meta" word coined, at least one new meta-thing lies unidentified. Recent research has revealed a number of phenomena still waiting for their "meta" labels.

Meta-polling. "Polling has gotten more self-conscious about polling recently," says John Benson of the Roper Center, which actually keeps track of such things. In part to counteract bad publicity about influencing elections, the polling industry has surveyed people to demonstrate that an overwhelming majority of the public considers polling important. Since 1980, says Benson, pollsters have circulated about 30 questions a year on polling, asking, among other things, whether polls are too intrusive. Not surprisingly, most people who agreed to spend their time answering these questions said they didn't find polls intrusive.

Meta-gossip. Upstart *Newsday* gossip columnist Charles

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Revson got headlines this spring by revealing that Suzy, the better-known *New York Post* gossip columnist, had written about events she had not attended. While Suzy vacationed in the Caribbean, the *Post* printed columns she had written ahead of time with the help of guest lists and an unerring sense for who would be snubbing whom. After being called on her indiscretion and humiliated in public (even the gossip-columnless *New York Times* wrote a story in borrowed style, complete with names in boldface), Suzy regained her composure, becoming America's first documented meta-buster. After returning to New York, she penned a column vowing never to cover any function to which Revson had been invited. Though I have no idea whether Suzy now attends all the events she reports on, I have the comfort of knowing I will never be informed otherwise.

Meta-lobbying. The 450-member American League of Lobbyists this fall will promote new legislation that proposes "reasonable standards" for the lobbying profession, says Howard Marlowe, the organization's president. Marlowe, who will testify on Capitol Hill in support of the legislation, says that the league will not retain a registered lobbyist for the cause, but instead will rely on members who volunteer their time.

Meta-leaking. Presidential hopeful Joseph Biden's plagiarizing of a British politician's speech helped usher in this meta-tactic. After John Sasso, Michael Dukakis's campaign manager, leaked the "killer videos" showing Biden's unacknowledged source in action, someone leaked news of this leak. Sasso resigned, but the chain of meta-leaks didn't continue long enough for his accuser to meet the same fate.

Meta-bureaucracy. In 1980 the U.S. government enacted the National Paperwork Reduction Act, which created a bureaucracy of over 70 people to ensure that the government asks as little paperwork from the public as possible. The latest 58-page report from the Office of Internal and Regulatory Affairs, which administers the act, concludes that in 1987 there was nonetheless a 140 million-hour increase in the amount of federally required paper work. It could not be determined how much paperwork was needed to check on this, but in the words of one employee there, "This office is not about saving trees."

EXPECT TO OVERHEAR these and other new "meta" words at your local supermarket soon. According to William Stewart, a professor of linguistics and sociology at the CUNY Graduate Center, "meta" is catching on because it caters to the growing number of people impressed by pseudo-technical language. He sees this trend in the tendency of people to state their opinions in terms of percentages ("There's an 80 percent chance this observation is true") and to mispronounce words in Greek-sounding ways, such as saying processes to rhyme with hypotheses. "People used to express anxiety [about being well-informed] by following standard grammatical usage," says Stewart. "Now people do it by sounding technical." Another attraction of meta is that, like most prefixes, it can be tacked onto existing words to create hundreds of new ones; as linguists put it, meta is "productive."

Meta is productive in another sense too; it keeps people gainfully employed. Simply add "meta" to your profession and you'll have whole new tasks to perform. If you have nothing to write about, you can write about writing. If you need another line in your story, you can write about needing another line in your story.

Or about needing two.

Or you can write about fellow journalists. As *Washington Post* TV critic Tom Shales (himself a beneficiary of meta's make-work properties) notes, the media so thoroughly shape public opinion that reporting on reporting is essential to good reporting. At the end of the Democratic convention, Shales meta-concluded in his daily column that "the reaction of newscasters to the [Dukakis] speech was perhaps as much news as the speech itself."

In fact, one of the biggest issues of the convention—and the subject of "Nightline" 's last broadcast from Atlanta—was whether these quadrennial political rites deserve the media attention they receive. It's a can't-lose situation: the more questionable the news judgment that journalists exercise, the more weighty issues they have to ponder profitably. Journalism is fast being consumed by meta-journalism.

IN ENTERTAINMENT the meta-trend is often a way to capitalize on the audience's growing irreverence toward stock entertainment formats. Take the "Gary Shandling Show," Fox Television's meta-sitcom. The show is a running commentary on the manners of sitcoms. During one episode a "stagehand" from Guatemala became part of the show when she stepped out from behind the camera and announced she was being deported. First Shandling warned viewers not to expect the expected television solution of having the star marry the deportee to save her. Later he encouraged the studio audience to boo a character as soon as the character suggested that solution. It's all such perfect viewing for millions of pairs of jaundiced eyes, well-versed in sitcom morality and now wise to the various goings-on behind the scenes. So too is "Late Night with David Letterman," whose host refers to NBC executives as "money-grubbing scum" and shoots darts at the camera.

But it would be a mistake to call Shandling and Letterman social critics. The Shandling show's user-friendly jibes amount to little more than couch-potato criticism—a great way to demonstrate your cynicism about society without having to get up and change the channel. Tune into "Gary Shandling" and you can bask in the absurdity of Sitcom Land without leaving the comfort of the laugh track. It's the best of both worlds: cynitainment.

Lawyers, like Shandling, have found a way to make money through self-reference, and they, too, do it in the guise of casting a critical eye on their profession. In numbers that are growing, lawyers sue each other for malpractice and win large judgments. Like journalists who make money questioning each other's news judgment or ethics, lawyers have found that bad business is good meta-business.

Sad to say, these new fields represent a logical expansion

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of the professions. After journalists have examined nearly every social and political topic to death, it makes sense that they would think of a way to get their own profession in the spotlight. And after malpractice suits have sent costs soaring in the medical and other industries, it makes sense that lawyers would find a way to inflate their own fee structure. Lawyers, journalists, TV stars, and other meta-professionals have discovered the one growth area that had been right there under their noses all along: themselves.

But all of this raises the question: Where do we go from here? When people become jaded about being jaded, critical of being critical, what else will be left? We might all be mouthing the concluding, recycled meta-comment in *Roger Rabbit*: "That's All, Folks."

NOAM COHEN

And a Palestinian state.

A PEACE PLAN

BY AVRAHAM WACHMAN

ISRAEL'S DILEMMA—a rebellious population in the occupied West Bank, and the difficulty of finding any settlement without risking Israel's security—has only intensified over the last month. King Hussein's abandonment of his claims on the West Bank means Israel has to confront the Palestinians directly or acquiesce in a self-destructive status quo. Yet Israel (since 1967, when it decided not to act unilaterally) has failed to construct any plan of action that would give something tangible to the Palestinians, unite the country, and offer a way out of the impasse.

In January 1976 I submitted the "Double-Column Plan"—an outline for a comprehensive geopolitical settlement—to Yitzhak Rabin, then prime minister. The plan was supported by Labor Party leaders including Golda Meir, Israel Gallili, and Yigal Allon, and by all agricultural collective movements, the Kibbutzim and the Moshavim. It stalled after the Labor Party lost the elections in 1977, but it is still relevant and even more urgent now.

The Double-Column Plan means partition. It is based on the principle that Israel has both the need and the right to annex those unpopulated areas that came under its control in a defensive war and are vital to its security. Even unsuccessful aggression must carry some price. Israel must accept the right of Palestinian Arabs to self-determination and independence in the populated areas of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, and indeed all those territories where there is no direct peril to Israel. An Israeli strip of land next to Jordan would be maintained as a vital and integrated part of Israel. (Much of this is already Israeli territory.) It also means the establishment of a Palestinian state west of that strip (see map on page 21).

The plan rests on the basic premise that for its future security, Israel must make a substantial shift in the Jewish population in Israel and move its center of gravity toward the east. If insecure, Israel will not be able to make a secure peace. Today about 75 percent of the Jewish population in Israel lives in a relatively short and narrow stretch of land (130 miles long by nine to 15 miles wide) along the Mediterranean seashore—the "Western Column." In addition to being heavily populated, this column contains a vital part of Israel's infrastructure. The eastern region, in contrast, is thinly populated (with around 150,000 people in those areas of the strip that have been part of Israel since 1948) and vulnerable (it borders Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and Egypt, and is about 16 miles from Saudi Arabia).

The key point of the plan is that this strip—stretching from the Golan Heights to the Gulf of Eilat, around 260 miles long by 9 to 20 miles wide—must be developed into a backbone of rural and urban settlements. Of this 260 miles, some 70 miles are now in the Palestinian West Bank. This future "Eastern Column" should approach the importance of the coast, with a target share of around a fifth of Israel's future population. This shift should occur voluntarily, through economic, political, and quality-of-life incentives.

Despite the settlement patterns until now, there's no inherent reason why this region should be less attractive to settlers than the West. The region is naturally appealing. It has a generally drier climate than the West (including several health resorts, such as Arad, that are already popular with Westerners). It has Israel's most important natural resources—the Dead Sea and the phosphate mines, as well as attractive archaeological and natural sites. It could be an alternative development area to the overcrowded urban centers of Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Satellite towns within a half hour's drive from the capital would make economic and political sense. The inhabitants should be drawn from those skilled workers clogging Tel Aviv and Jerusalem and from new, nationalist immigrants seeking an alternative to urban life.

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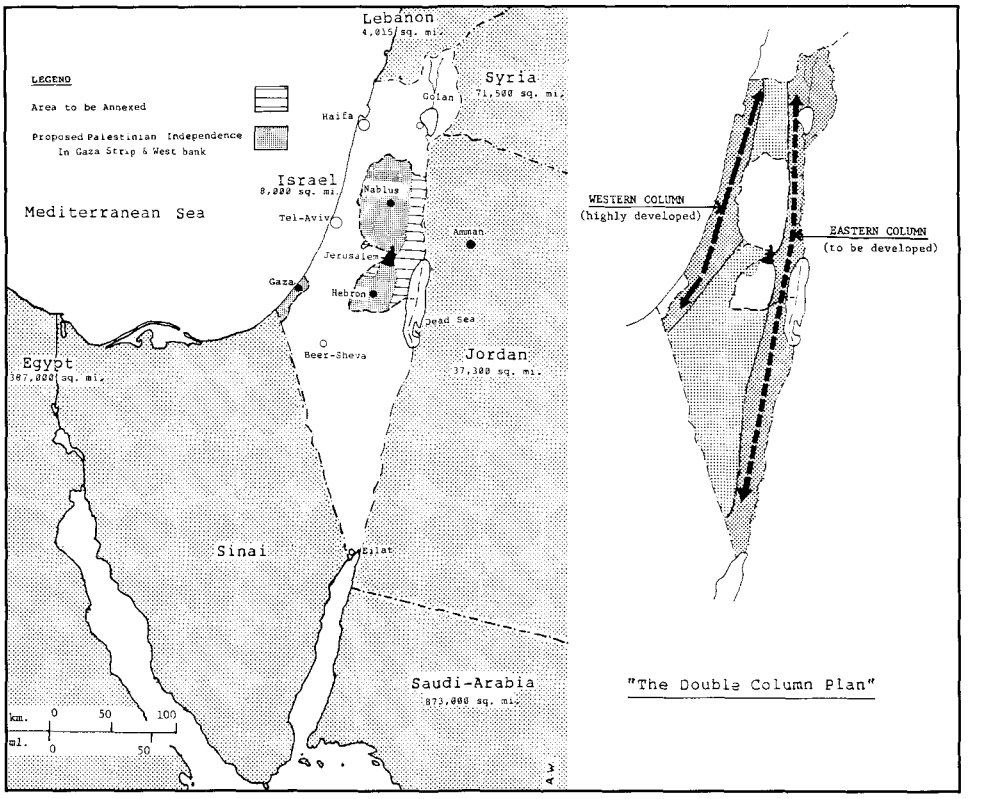
The most obvious alternative plan—restoring the West Bank to Jordan or giving the territory to the Palestinians themselves—means letting an actual or potential hostile Arab population, stretching from the West Bank to Iraq, sit on the neck of Israel. Such a situation is too seductive to Israel's enemies. Instead, the Palestinians should be granted the homeland sought for so long, with sovereignty over the territory now inhabited by the Jewish settlements in the West Bank and Gaza Strip. If Jews wish to remain in Palestinian territory, they should be allowed to choose Palestinian citizenship. The same should be the case, as it has been for over 40 years, for those Palestinians who wish to continue living in Israel. The principle of free citizenship and avoiding a forcible movement of population is central to the plan.



The development of the Eastern Column requires the annexation of the Jordan Valley and the Judean Desert conquered in 1967, areas that are almost unpopulated (fewer than 10,000, widely scattered) and that form the column's core. The future settlement will drastically change the map of Israeli deployment, and avoid the "shrinking" of the Jewish state into a small Hong Kong or coastal strip. As a byproduct, it will develop the interstitial zones: Central Galilee, the Jerusalem corridor, and the Negev High Plateau.

The point of the plan is not simply defensive, as the similar 1967 Allon plan was. The Allon plan was very vague about Palestinian independence. The Double-Column Plan is explicit: Israeli security and Palestinian self-determination go together. The Allon plan saw mainly paramilitary settlements in the region. The Double-Column Plan envisages more extensive national development that cannot be substituted for mere military defense, a way to create an Israel economically and demographically more balanced and secure. It could improve national morale and conviction. In the bitter dispute over the land, especially after 1967, the need for a strong self-image cannot be satisfied unless there is clarity about territorial goals. Israelis, especially the young generation, must have a clear "body image" of their land. They should know what territory to fight for and what to relinquish and why. And this comes before any negotiations. The Israeli governments of the last 20 years forfeited the necessary clarity of their convictions by deciding not to decide. And as long as Israel does not rationally clarify to itself its own goals and needs, a solution for the Palestinians will be pushed aside, and their grievances will continue to fester.

How can the Double-Column Plan help the present situation? The plan is addressed in the first place to the Israelis. Israel still rules over the whole land. It can and should act. It must decide *by itself* about its map of future deployment. It should redefine its territorial goals, work out a comprehensive long-range plan, draw the map, make it public, and state its security conditions unequivocally. Unless the "red lines" are drawn before negotiations, a lasting peace cannot be guaranteed.

To those who object that the plan amounts to encirclement of the Palestinian state by Israel, I can only say that the reverse has long been true: Israel is surrounded by Arab countries and will always be surrounded by Arab countries. The alternative solutions—a Palestinian state bordering Jordan or a forced integration of the two populations—mean a threat to Israel's security and a perpetuation of the hostilities. Both peoples simply have to learn to coexist in as practical an arrangement as possible. The proposed Palestinian state would include more than 95 percent of the Palestinians in the occupied territories, excluding Jerusalem Arabs. It would include Nablus, Hebron, Ramallah, Bethlehem, Tul Karem, and Jenin, all the Palestinian towns and cities on the West Bank. Special arrangements will have to be made for Arab Jericho, a small, biblical tourist town. It is even possible that some few small areas with Arab populations presently in Old Israel might be part of the new Palestine if their inhabitants want it. Comparable adjustments would be made in Israel's favor on the western flank of the West Bank. Fairness in allocating the water supply to both sides is a premise of any peace plan.

The plan should also alleviate the current stalemate between the right's Greater Israel delusions and the left's

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Peace Now trap. The right urges immediate settlement in every possibly site and totally disregards the Palestinians and the unavoidable repercussions. The left presses for immediate negotiations, without a plan, and without drawing "red lines," only waiting for a kind of secular mysticism: "Give peace a chance."

Politically, the plan answers both right and left in Israel. For the right, it retains territory in the West Bank while drastically reducing the number of Palestinians in Israeli territory and constructing a stronger line of defense against attacks from the east. For the left, it creates a Palestinian state, through a direct Israeli concession of land, and gives up Gaza and the populated areas on the West Bank. This Palestinian state goes very far in meeting the objectives of realistic Palestinians. If this is insufficient, they will soon come to understand that they will not get more.

Unlike both the left and the right, who wait for the Palestinians to tire, demography to change its course, big powers to impose "peace," or for the Arabs to abandon their hostility, the Double-Column Plan waits only for the Jews.

After the uprising, Israel's new border.

THE GREEN LINE

BY MICHAEL WALZER

IN JERUSALEM in June a merchant on Ben Yehudah Street, in the western part of the city, complained to me about the collapse of tourism, the empty shops and hotels. She blamed the media for showing so many pictures of stone-throwing Palestinians and Israeli soldiers with clubs and tear gas. The pictures give a false impression: "Just look," she said, pointing to the street, "how peaceful it is." Indeed, Ben Yehudah Street was peaceful, lovely, noisy only with café conversations. The whole western part of the city was peaceful and lovely; the whole country, if one conceived the country in a certain way, was quiet. All the trouble was on the other side of the . . . what? The other side of the Green Line was suddenly the other side of the world. For years the government of Israel has claimed that the Green Line (Israel's border before the Six-Day War) did not exist. Erased from the map, it was also erased from the landscape, so that even adult Israelis, who had lived with the Line from 1948 until 1967, had difficulty visualizing exactly where it had been. But now the Palestinian *infitada* (uprising) has restored the Line, both on the ground and in the mind. The Line is what people are referring to when they say that the trouble is "on the other side."

The restoration of the Green Line is the major achievement of the *infitada*, and it is also the first condition of a settlement between Israel and the Palestinians. The Line today doesn't follow the old map; its exact location will one day have to be negotiated, and the negotiations, no doubt, will be difficult. But the *exact* location isn't terribly important. What is important is that the Line is there and that it is known to be there. Its existential proof, so to speak, is the fact that Israelis travel "on the other side" armed, or with army protection, or at the invitation of the *infitada*. The Palestinians have demonstrated that they have a place of their own—which means that the occupation, however long it lasts, is only temporary. Yitzhak Shamir's government remains committed to a counterdemonstration; the harshness of the repression is designed to show that Israel is still in control of the occupied territories. So it is, mostly, but the control is now overtly and massively coercive, wholly different from the control the government exercises over the territory that is really its own, on "this side" of the Line. The difference between the homeland and the other land, whatever the ideologists of Greater Israel say, is plain to see. Though neither Palestinians nor Israelis are fully committed to it, partition has already begun.

Ever since the Begin government accelerated the pace of West Bank settlement, Israeli liberals and leftists have been haunted by the specter of communal war: Jews and Arabs, locked together geographically, economically, politically, not in trust but in suspicion and hate, endlessly terrorizing one another. The model was Northern Ireland or Lebanon, and one could already see the Lebanization of Israel in those awful funerals where one speaker after another called for revenge (Hebrew and Arabic sound very much alike on such occasions) tenfold, a hundredfold. Every death was a new provocation. But the *infitada*, though there have been funerals enough, is not communal war—at least, it is nothing at all like Ireland or Lebanon. For in those countries the "warriors" are individuals or gangs whose "warfare" consists of assassination, murder, kidnapping, hijacking, car bombing, and so on; the warring communities are themselves passive, disorganized, victimized. By contrast, the *infitada* is sustained by a genuinely *national* mobilization, and so it holds forth the promise (at last) of a new nation. What PLO terrorists failed to achieve over 20 years, teenagers with slingshots have achieved in eight months. They have put Palestine on the moral map, alongside Israel.

I don't mean to romanticize the *infitada*. Like all political

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violence, it is marked by its own coerciveness, its own brutality and fanaticism. But, as even Yitzhak Rabin has recognized, it is not terrorist in character. The youngsters who do the everyday work of the uprising are not a specially trained cadre of killers. They are everyone's children, and they are supported by a full-scale popular movement and by an extraordinary network of local committees. The problem with the movement and its network is that they have not yet produced an external politics. They speak to Israel only with stones, not with words, not with arguments, proposals, visions of the future. That's why the restoration of the Green Line isn't yet a settlement; it needs to be confirmed in negotiation—and the confirmation is resisted on both sides of the Line.

SO THE second condition of a peace settlement is mutual recognition, the acknowledgment by each side of the moral legitimacy, which is to say, the *nationhood*, of the other. The two recognitions must be symmetrical, certainly, but at the same time they serve different purposes; they have different meanings and practical entailments for Israeli Jews and Palestinian Arabs. To put it simply, and no doubt crudely, the Jews need recognition because of their vulnerability, the Palestinians because of their humiliation. I learned long ago to be skeptical about national psychologies and collective psychoanalysis, and so I hasten to add that these are by no means the needs of every Jew or of every Palestinian. They are nonetheless morally obvious and politically unavoidable.

For the Palestinians, the years of occupation have been years of disgrace—all the more so since the occupation, until last December, was so easy for Israel. Most of the Palestinians in the territories were passive, seemingly incapable of self-help, effectively collaborating in their own subjection. The mobilization that began in December has made them proud, as any number of terrorist "victories" could not do. Indeed, the *infitada* is for the Palestinians what the crossing of the Suez Canal was in 1973 for the Egyptians, and its psychological effects could well survive, in the first case as in the second, a military defeat or repression. Here is a possible foundation for political compromise. But the compromise will have to incorporate and institutionalize the new Palestinian pride. That is what underlies the demand for self-determination and gives it meaning. Terrorists cannot claim a right to self-determination; a popular movement can, and the Palestinians have finally produced a popular movement.

How self-determination might work, what its outcome might be—these things are as uncertain as ever. The *infitada* settles nothing; it is still possible to imagine a range of negotiating strategies, a variety of representatives, a number of alternative "arrangements" at the end. But there can't be a settlement, now, that isn't acceptable to the Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza. That probably rules out an Israeli deal with King Hussein, as the king himself seems to have recognized—though he may yet return as a partner of the Palestinians or as a guarantor of the eventual settlement. It probably requires a deal with the PLO, though the PLO might well act through representatives from the West Bank and Gaza, who have been licensed, so to speak, by the local committees.

Israelis talk about Palestinian pride with a mixture of anxiety and admiration. The response of the government, however, has been less equivocal: it has aimed not only to defeat the uprising but to force the Palestinians to acknowledge defeat—"to wipe the smile off the Palestinian face," as one official is reported to have said. Anxiety and admiration are much healthier responses: anxiety because pride can feed an extremist politics as easily as it can ground a moderate politics; admiration because Israeli history too, as it is commonly told, is a tale of triumph over humiliation—the defenseless ghetto Jew transformed into the self-confident *sabra*. Israelis of roughly my age remember throwing stones at British soldiers. It is a useful, if also a disturbing, memory.

BECAUSE OF memories like this, the recognition that Israel requires doesn't have much to do with honor. Israelis have already experienced the exhilarations of communal discipline and self-help. But Israel's Jewish citizens have other memories, haunting memories of persecution, exile, war, and death. When Prime Minister Shamir says of the *infitada* that it is a new form of warfare against the State of Israel, as if children with slingshots pose a threat to the very existence of the state, he is saying something absurd. But the absurdity is widely accepted—for haven't the Arabs been at war with Israel for 40 years now, always refusing (Egypt the only exception) to accept Israeli statehood? Similarly, the reiterated refrain of right-wing political rhetoric, "everyone is against us," is quite simply untrue. But it too is widely accepted, for it resonates with the historical experience of the Jewish people. The Zionist achievement—statehood, material power, political alliances, and standing in the world—can't yet be fully appreciated by its own protagonists and beneficiaries, though it is certainly appreciated by the Palestinians, who want desperately to imitate it. For all their military strength, Israelis feel terribly vulnerable. What they want from recognition is security.

In material terms, security means defensible borders, demilitarization, electronic warning stations, and so on. The arrangements in the Sinai provide useful precedents. But Israel requires something more, as Sadat understood very clearly (and as Arafat seems incapable of understanding): it requires public recognition by the Arabs of its need for security and of its right to defend its sovereignty. Western diplomats call upon the PLO to recognize the existence of Israel. But that is too easy—plague and war also "exist," and we recognize their existence precisely in order to get rid of them if we possibly can. The PLO must find some way of saying that it has finally and forever given up its hope of getting rid of Israel. That is the necessary moral background to this or that set of security arrangements. Without that, the arrangements won't be believable to most Israeli Jews.

It appears today that there are factions in the PLO that

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are prepared to make the necessary public statements; there are also factions committed to eternal war. The PLO is not a coherent political organization. Perhaps it can only become a coherent organization in the course of a negotiating process, when it is forced to make practical decisions. Perhaps the very decision to join a negotiating process would force upon Arafat his own version of an "Altalena affair" (in which David Ben-Gurion, in 1948, forcibly suppressed the right-wing Irgun, led by Menachem Begin). In any case, right now there is no Palestinian leadership capable of doing what Sadat did in 1977. At that time, the ceremonies of recognition—the visit to Jerusalem, the Knesset speech—preceded the formal negotiations; now they will almost certainly come, if they come at all, afterward.

HOW, THEN, might the negotiations get started? I am inclined to think that they won't get started without a great power agreement. Russia and the United States can provide a substitute of sorts (though only a temporary one) for the mutual recognition of Israelis and Palestinians—Russian recognition giving the Israelis a sense that their sovereignty is now beyond challenge; American recognition giving the Palestinians a sense that they are on their way to a sovereignty of their own. This is the third condition of a settlement, and it requires a great deal more diplomatic cooperation between the great powers—and skill and verve on both sides—than either has yet shown itself ready for. George Shultz probably understands what is necessary, but his understanding has come too late to be effective.

The ineffectiveness of American diplomacy is revealed in two recent incidents. First, Shamir's visit to Washington in March (already the fourth month of the *infitada*), where he smiled and smiled, rejected every American proposal, escaped unscathed—and reaped substantial political benefits from the escape. Second, the arrival in Washington in June (the seventh month) of the Abu Sharif "document," which seemed to acknowledge Israel's legitimacy and even, maybe, its security needs, but which was never itself acknowledged by Arafat and was soon denounced by his second-in-command. These were, on both sides, the games of the irreconcilables. It is a sign of Washington's potential power that the games focus on Washington; that the games go on at all is a sign of its inability to use that power effectively. I suspect that American power can't be used effectively unless it is shared to some degree with the Russians. For the United States will not be able to (and in any case should not) bring pressure to bear on Israel or begin its own discussions with the PLO until the Russians have demonstrated their readiness to disown those forces in the Arab world committed to Israel's destruction.

Then the serious negotiations might begin. And the fourth and final condition of a settlement is a *long* negotiating process. We should expect a long process simply because of the high stakes and the complexity of the issues. There were, remember, two years of on and off negotiations between Sadat's visit to Jerusalem and the actual signing of an Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty—and that agreement was easy compared with what remains to be done. But even if some understanding of the necessary final arrangements came quickly into view, it would be useful to drag out the talks. For both sides need time to accustom themselves to the idea of peace and to the compromises, and therefore the ideological losses, that it involves.

For the Jews, peace means the end of Greater Israel and of the messianic hopes that a small but fervent faction of religious and nationalist zealots associates with territorial "greatness." It means adjusting to the physical as well as the mental constraints of a very little country. With the re-establishment of the Green Line, this adjustment has already begun, though no Israeli leader has yet emerged who can cast it in a positive light. No doubt peace with the Palestinians would be a great Zionist victory, for it would represent the definitive establishment of the Jewish state. The question is whether it would feel that way, and this question can only be answered over a period of time during which ordinary Israelis can test the Palestinian commitment to a genuine settlement.

FOR THE PALESTINIANS, peace means the acceptance of a "Palestine" that is even littler (unless it is associated in some way with Jordan) than little Israel. That will be especially difficult for the Palestinian diaspora, which remains dominant, despite the *infitada*, within the PLO. It is still not clear that the leadership of the PLO really wants a West Bank and Gazan ministate: they have missed so many opportunities to move toward that goal that one cannot help wondering whether they don't still have other goals in mind. The effective surrender of these other goals won't take place at a single moment in time, though Hussein's divorce decree brings the time much nearer when the Palestinians must say exactly what it is they hope to win. This will probably require bloody fights as well as arguments within the PLO, and it will be best if the fights take place before rather than after the final settlement—for the sake of that finality. At some point the surrender of the maximalists will have to find public expression, and some Palestinian leader will have to explain to his people why it is really a victory. Perhaps the only person who can do that will be someone who already has a stake in the success of the negotiating process.

This is what politics is often like: it is a muddle for a long time, and the necessary clarity is finally achieved only because of the muddle. But do the conditions exist, in fact, for this sort of muddling through? I can't say that they do; the safest prediction about the future is a grim one: stalemate rather than settlement, the *infitada* matched but not beaten by the repression. Mutual recognition and coexistence are explicitly defended only by a minority of Israeli Jews and by a much smaller (and less well organized) minority of Palestinian Arabs. And the power of the great powers isn't at this moment intelligently or cooperatively deployed. Only the Green Line is there again, awaiting formal confirmation. But we can now see what the conditions of a settlement are. It is important to keep them steadily in view. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Late Summer Round-up

Tucker. Francis Coppola is lost. Presumably he still has the talent he once showed in *The Conversation* and *Apocalypse Now*, but it's being worn down through misuse. To do scripts like *One from the Heart, Rumble Fish, Peggy Sue Got Married*, and *Gardens of Stone* is to use a scalpel to scrape paint. As his new film proves even further, Coppola needs guidance.

Tucker
(Paramount)
Married to the Mob
(Orion)
Cocktail
(Touchstone)
The Year My Voice Broke
(Avenue)

Tucker: The Man and His Dream—that's the full, forbidding title—is a regression to the bio pic of the 1930s, such as those about Alexander Graham Bell, Thomas Edison, and innumerable others. Coppola, we're told, was fired with enthusiasm by the life story of Preston Tucker, the automobile designer of 40 years ago, who had original ideas, struggled against the automotive giants, managed to make only 50 automobiles, then was forced out of business. But however strong Coppola's original enthusiasm was, he has corseted it in a movie formula.

We get, predictably, a modern hero in business clothes instead of armor; jaw-clenching grit; a loyal, supportive wife; dandy, eager children; a grouchy but utterly loyal right-hand man; a doubting but ultimately zealous financier. Truth is hardly an excuse (if it all *is* true) for platitudinous filmmaking: if Coppola were still the director he almost was, he would have seen that the fire of this project was running into cinematic molds and was cooling into dead metal. Almost every scene in *Tucker*, almost every series of scenes (such as the close deadline for finishing a job, the doubts, the determination, the montage in which the job gets finished), seems a remake of material we've seen before. Almost every line of dialogue carries echoes, often the echoes of lumber being sawed. ("If they can make headlines with lies, we can make headlines with truth.")

Vittorio Storaro, as usual, seems to have photographed through a paint box. Most of the film looks much too gorgeous and soft for its Yankee, git-up-and-git intent. Coppola strives hard for visual variety, with low angles particularly. In some of the two-head telephone scenes, instead of a split-screen, he imposes one of the heads on a full-frame picture, which is quite out of key with the rest of the realistic film. Elsewhere, he nods to *Citizen Kane* by fading from a group photograph to the same group in life.

Coppola's one significant achievement in *Tucker* is his directing of Jeff Bridges in the title role. Bridges, his hair slicked back like a filling-station attendant of yore, hustles with believable drive—a quite different kind of energy from anything he has shown before. But, equally, Coppola blunders with Martin Landau as the Jewish financier who becomes Tucker's devotee. As written—in this embalmed script by Arnold Schulman and David Seidler—and as played by Landau, the role seems straight out of that once-favorite radio serial "The Rise of the Goldbergs."

A lot of old-time references in the above, but that's the kind of film it is. These days Coppola talks about getting more and more independence. Apparently that's just what he doesn't need. More and better advice seems to be in order.

Married to the Mob. Jonathan Demme continues to puzzle—no, not Demme so much as his admirers. The only film of his that showed striking originality was his most uncinematic one, the one-character performance piece *Swimming to Cambodia*. Most of the others that I've seen, including *Citizens Band* and *Melvin and Howard*, had scripts of some piquancy but, for me, nothing like the exalted directing that some have seen in them.

His worst to date was *Something Wild*, a farce about a conventional man and an unconventional woman. And that's the very theme he revives in *Married to the Mob*. This new farce is about a young Mafia widow and the FBI man assigned to tail her. Guess what happens between them. If there is one sort of film that Demme seems destined by nature not to direct, it's farce. He has so little affinity with it that there are many moments in *Mob* when you wish the theater were not dark, so that you could look somewhere else. Being forced to look at the screen seems almost, in fancy, as if you were embarrassing the actors.

The plot, in this screenplay by three men whose names shall never pass my fingers, goes by fits and starts, and the fits are just as bad as the starts. As if to ensure the awkwardness of the project, Demme has cast two thumpingly inappropriate people in the leading roles and then has non-directed them. Michelle Pfeiffer, whose only evident asset so far is her chorine prettiness, isn't much of an actress in serious roles: in farce, which is much more difficult technically,

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Boyfriends and Girlfriends. Another of Eric Rohmer's conversation pieces about love, elegantly made as ever but somewhat skimpier than most. (Reviewed 8/1/88)

A Fish Called Wanda. John Cleese, of Monty Python, co-wrote and is in this frenzied, frequently funny farce. (I'd like to hear him say *that*.) Michael Palin, Kevin Kline, and Jamie Lee Curtis help, as does Charles Crichton's lively directing. (8/29/88)

Midnight Run. A plot crammed with shoot-outs and smashups, but it gives Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin, as captor and captive, a reason to cross America together and to play some wry, witty scenes. (8/29/88)

Pascali's Island. Ben Kingsley is excellent, Charles Dance and Helen Mirren compelling, in this tale of intrigue on an Aegean island in 1908. The plot thins, the acting doesn't. (8/8/88)

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she is pitiful. She makes mouths. She twists her mouth one way for anger, another for doubt, for regret, and so on. Matthew Modine, who showed some ability in *Orphans* and *Full Metal Jacket*, reveals that farce is off-limits for him.

Dean Stockwell, who makes a brief appearance as Howard Hughes in *Tucker*, has a big part here as a capo and gives a routine performance. Anyone, actor or not, could do much the same after two drinks at a party.

Cocktail. If you want further proof of the importance of a director to an actor, see *Cocktail*. (If you don't want such proof, don't see it.) In his previous films Tom Cruise at least filled the screen with energy, and in *The Color of Money*, directed by Martin Scorsese, he came close to giving a valid performance. In *Cocktail* he is just a grinning jackanapes, who doesn't always grin. At all times he seems thin, rattling around inside his role.

Roger Donaldson, the Australian director who did a competent job with the taut *No Way Out*, is no help to Cruise here, possibly because Donaldson himself seems ill at ease with this ramshackle script. Written by Heywood Gould from his own novel, it has a moderately promising mod idea: a bartender who uses his Third Avenue singles-bar job as a ladder to fortune. This might have been a chic-to-chic adventure story, with room for satire. But *Cocktail* is only a dull concoction, a gin-less fizz.

The Year My Voice Broke. This Australian film, set in the 1960s, demonstrates yet again that adolescence and sex are international. Written and directed by John Duigan, it's a completely sincere piece about a 15-year-old boy and his crush on a girl a year older. Its sincerity makes occasional moments somewhat touching, but most of it is poorly acted and bumpily edited. (And a considerable amount of the dialogue is flatly incomprehensible.)

But that last resource of floundering films is on hand here. The photography of New South Wales, by Geoff Burton, is purely lovely. When what's happening is a bit dull, the scenery behind it—landscapes rolling far, skies with marvelous light and clouds—consoles us. Obviously good pictures don't make a good film; but if a film isn't gripping it's at least pleasant to have some good pictures to look at while the actors get finished with their acting.

You deserve to know the facts about. . .

Mubarak Awad

Was Israel justified in expelling him?

For the last few months, there have been almost daily stories about Mubarak Awad, an American citizen of Arab-Palestinian heritage. The Israeli government expelled Awad and returned him to his adopted country—the United States. Our government has taken interest in the case and has expressed its concern to Israel about this matter. It's easy to get confused.

What are the facts?

■ Mubarak Awad is an Arab, born in the eastern sector of Jerusalem. In 1969, Awad emigrated to the United States and became an American citizen by naturalization. Israeli law stipulates that a non-citizen resident who lives outside the area for seven years loses his resident status. Availing himself of his U.S. citizenship, Awad started making periodic visits to Israel. During his sojourns as a "tourist" and under the cover of his U.S. citizenship, Awad organized the "Palestine Center for the Study of Non-Violence." That organization promotes general civil rebellion of the Arab population of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza.

■ Having exhausted the forbearance of the Israeli authorities, the government of Israel decided to expel him and to send him back to the United States, of which he is a citizen. One basic attribute of sovereignty is that a nation can determine which foreigners may or may not reside in its country. It's a sovereign country's prerogative to expel anybody whom they consider undesirable; and they, of course, have to be the judges as to who is and who is not undesirable. The United States routinely refuses entry into the country to those whose political activities we think of as being contrary to our interests. Until recently, we even barred those whose sexual orientation did not conform to the norm. And we routinely expel those who are here illegally, or who are engaged in activities that are contrary to the interests of our country.

■ How then can the Israeli government possibly be faulted for expelling Awad? They would have been quite within their rights not to allow him to enter the country in the first place. But they allowed him to stay and expelled him ultimately only after he emerged as one of the top leaders of the current Arab uprising against Israeli authority.

■ Those who are determined to bestow the mantle of martyrdom on Mubarak Awad call him an "apostle of non-violence" and compare him to Gandhi and Martin Luther King. But the reality is quite different. Dr. King deeply loved America and tried to strengthen it through his campaign of non-violence. By explicitly supporting the terrorist PLO, by declaring violence to be a legitimate means of advancing Palestinian political goals, by viewing non-violence as a tactical complement to violence in the Palestinian uprising, and by subscribing to the PLO's concept of "armed struggle" and to the ultimate liquidation of Israel, he revealed himself as what he really is: a revolutionary to whom "non-violence" is only one of many revolutionary weapons.

■ As Americans we must be particularly concerned about Awad's misuse of his American citizenship. In becoming an American citizen, he took an oath to forswear all foreign allegiances and to reside permanently in the United States. He clearly broke his oath on at least those two counts. Before the Israeli Supreme Court, he declared that he had used his "American citizenship and passport solely for bureaucratic reasons of convenience, without attaching any importance and weight whatsoever," and that he "viewed Jerusalem as his place of residence, always." He made statements to the same effect on the MacNeil/Lehrer Report of Tuesday, June 14. Mubarak Awad treated the priceless gift of American citizenship with disdain and cynically used it for his political purposes and his foreign entanglements. How fortunate for Awad that we Americans are such good-natured, forgiving and patient people! Any other country would at the very least have stripped him of the citizenship that he had acquired by swearing falsely and with the obligations of which he never intended to comply.

It is clear that Israel was totally within its rights to expel Mubarak Awad, a rabble-rouser who used the cover of his U.S. citizenship to foment revolution in Israel and in the territories administered by Israel. Israel would have been fully justified in expelling him summarily. But they gave him every legal opportunity to have the expulsion order rescinded. Awad's assumed role as a latter-day Gandhi or Martin Luther King is a sham. Disregarding all other aspects of this case, his true personality is revealed in his cynical misuse of his American citizenship.

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The sins of Toscanini, Stravinsky, Schoenberg . . .

THE DARK SIDE OF MODERN MUSIC

BY RICHARD TARUSKIN

I.

"THERE MUST BE a Caesar . . . for there to be a Virgil," said Luigi Pirandello, voicing the opportunism that brought so many more Italian artists and intellectuals to Mussolini's side than conviction alone could have mustered. This is not a book about Virgils, though, but about a host of squabbling tootlers and fiddlers falling over one another in their efforts to curry the imperial favor. And it is about another, the Anti-Caesar, who curried not, but became a god.

Music in Fascist Italy
by Harvey Sachs
(W. W. Norton, 271 pp., $24.95)

Harvey Sachs, best known for his biography of Toscanini, frankly informs us at the outset that his book grew out of his previous research. Having "examined many documents that concerned the evolution of [Toscanini's] resistance to fascism," he found himself wondering about the conductor's contemporaries and countrymen. "Did they not understand what was happening? Did they not protest, and if so [sic], with what consequences?" The final, culminating chapter is a close look at the circumstances attending a famous slap the Maestro received from a young hooligan in the name of the Duce. It was delivered on May 13, 1941, outside Bologna's Teatro Comunale, after Toscanini refused to begin a concert that evening with "Giovinezza," the fascist hymn.

These are vulgar premises, and they have led Sachs to a skewed and ruinously simplified perspective. The whole phenomenon of music under fascism is prejudged in the light of Toscanini's anti-fascism, which is itself subjected to no analysis, but is thoughtlessly equated (or so it seems) with the author's own unexamined allegiances. It is not just solemn, it is also a little obtuse to be resurrecting tired Arendtisms only to pin them on the likes of Beniamino Gigli (who sang for Hitler and Göring and claimed to be unaware of their "political activities"). An unfortunate casualty of all this banality-of-evil banality is any sense at all of fascism's early appeal, to which even Toscanini briefly succumbed. In any case, it is not fascism as an ideology with which this book is concerned, only fascism as a brutish, somewhat ridiculous form of government, and a tediously encumbered way of life.

The first chapter sets the tone, with lengthy extracts from a pamphlet called *Mussolini musicista* ("Mussolini the Musician") by one Raffaelo de Rensis, a minor groveler on the make. (My favorite bit is his oafish tribute to the Duce's violin playing, despite the fact that he had "not yet been allowed the great honor" of hearing it.) We are introduced to the cast of an opera buffa: sundry louts and blackguards surrounding the Duce, the opera stars who shared their beds, the clownish sycophants who administered the fascist musical establishment (a trio of forgotten composers: Adriano Lualdi, Giuseppe Mulè, Alceo Toni). By the end of the chapter, however, it's clear that not only isn't this book going to tell us anything about fascism, it isn't even really going to tell us much about music in fascist Italy, since it remains fixated throughout on externals: collective anecdotal biography on the one hand, and the labyrinthine corporate bureaucracy of the Italian state on the other.

Of the two, the latter emphasis is decidedly the more valuable. Sachs's hefty, quite formidably researched section on "Institutions" is far and away the most substantial and original section of his book. Yet even here, the detail is stultifying, the story (though skillfully narrated) less than gripping. One reason for this the author himself points out. As he has chosen to circumscribe it:

> Study of Italian music under fascism reveals a picture of workaday infighting and intrigue in abundance, much grotesque opportunism, occasional examples of naive good faith in the government, and very little real political opposition. Through it all, there flowed an endless torrent of fluctuating government directives on musical education, the management of opera houses, the formation of innumerable musicians' unions, corporations, councils, and committees, and the organization of festivals, congresses, competitions, and musical showcases—all brainchildren of various party Excellencies or of musical personalities who had ingratiated themselves with the fascists. . . .

Some attention to music might have helped alleviate the ennui.

II.

PERHAPS THE larger problem is that Italian fascism was not worse. The history of the arts under Stalin is a juicy tale of ideological repressions and thought control. Under Hitler . . . well, no need to go into that here. Mussolini's Italy, until the Ethiopian adventure anyway, behaved more like one of Jeane Kirkpatrick's cozy authoritarian regimes, keeping the trains on schedule, and offering cooperative artists a bottomless feeding trough. It is precisely for this reason that even in the opinion of a man who did not cooperate—Massimo Mila, a critic and historian who served some time in the 1930s for anti-fascist activity, and who was interviewed for this book—fascism ultimately failed to have any significant influence on Italy's musical life: "You have only to look at the fact that the fascists gave a little bit of support to everybody . . ."

Not even modernists were shut out. To be sure, Sgri. Lualdi, Mulè, and Toni were as philistine as their counterparts anywhere; they authored blustery, well-publicized manifestos against "atonal and polytonal honking" and "so-called objective music," and they intrigued clumsily against their betters. But only one man's opinion counted in Italy, and the Duce liked to keep artistically abreast. He supported Casella, Malipiero, even the young Dallapiccola. He was proud to have Italy play host to international festivals of contemporary music at which every modern master was *persona grata*. Schoenberg, atonal honker par excellence, toured Italy with *Pierrot Lunaire* in 1924, and his music continued to be performed there under prestigious auspices until 1938 (five years after the composer had been forced out of Germany)—that is, until Italy finally passed racial laws of its own. Alban Berg's concert aria *Der Wein* had its Italian premiere at the Venice Biennale in 1934 (the composer, in attendance, was loudly fêted). *Wozzeck* was given at La

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Scala (can you believe this?) in 1942.

Also performed during that wartime season was *The Miraculous Mandarin*, a ballet by Bartók, easily the most outspoken anti-fascist among modernists. (By then Bartók had been a voluntary exile from Europe for two years). These examples of artistic tolerance, moreover, were more than matched by the racial tolerance that the fascist government quite demonstratively exhibited, in distinction to Germany, until 1938. Refugees from Hitler like Bruno Walter and Otto Klemperer regularly performed under Mussolini; and Ernest Bloch's *Sacred Service*, a setting of the Reform Jewish liturgy, actually had its world premieres over Radio Turin in 1934.

In such an environment, should we be surprised to find "very little real political opposition"? Do we have a reasonable right to demand more in retrospect? How appropriate, one has to ask, are the prosecutorial questions ("Did they not understand? Did they protest?") that Sachs insists on pressing so hard? Sitting in easy judgment, he commits painful moral solecisms of his own:

> Had the behavior of [composer Ildebrando] Pizzetti and his colleagues really resulted from a true, heartfelt conviction that fascism was the miraculous system its leaders claimed it to be, it would be easier to accept. Then it could be said they were blind, deluded, mad—perhaps even evil. But Pizzetti and most of his colleagues were guilty of nothing so grand. Their self-seeking was small, gray, banal, and workaday: a mildly evil semi-delusion.

What a boomerang! And what could be more fascist, ultimately, than to prefer a grand crime to a petty one?

III.

MUSICAL MATTERS, to the extent that they arise in Sachs's book, tend to be handled gauchely. An author better informed about the nature of fascism and the history of music would not have found cause to wonder that an Italian composer could be (as so many were) an ardent fascist *and* a musical modernist. For Sachs, this is "trying to be simultaneously an orthodox follower of two religions." It was nothing of the sort. Sachs must see a contradiction because he has been brought up to approve of modernism and to disapprove of fascism (and he may be drawing facile parallels with other totalitarian states). Yet his own data show how fashionable modernism was in fascist Italy, which liked to bill itself as the only true 20th-century state. And more disquietingly, they show how attractive the policies of the fascist state were to modernists.

Even Luigi Dallapiccola, "the principal pioneer of dodecaphony in Italy" (according to the New Grove Dictionary), who also possesses a high moral distinction for having written a number of wartime pieces that strike a note of political protest (such as the choral "Canti di prigiona"), was a faithful follower of the Duce, even a fervent one, until the racial campaign threatened his Jewish wife. One of Sachs's more striking revelations, imparted by the composer Goffredo Petrassi in another interview with the author, is that Dallapiccola had prefaced a major work composed in 1935, the year of Ethiopia, with the motto "Paradise in the shadow of the sword."

SO, THE STORY of musical institutions in fascist Italy and the behavior of the eminently human beings who had to make their careers within them turns out to be rather lacking in drama. The Bologna slap is about as violent as things get. Sachs rightly calls his account "depressing rather than enraging." I would go further. For yet another problem conspires to limit its effectiveness, perhaps the most troublesome of all.

It is simply this: while Italy in the 20th century is obviously a good place to observe fascism, Italy in the 20th century is rather a poor place to observe music. With the death of Puccini in 1924 (in an archer mood I might have said, with the death of Verdi in 1901), the nation that had once enjoyed a virtual musical hegemony—so great, indeed, that it is still reflected in the technical vocabulary of the art—became a musical backwater. And the Italians knew it. Such musical flag-waving as Sachs reports was distinctly wistful (not exactly the quintessential fascist sentiment), full of references to "the art of music, of which we were once the glorious teachers for the entire world," and "the history of music (which is mainly *our* history)." Precisely so: Italian music was history. The fact is, Sachs's dramatis personae include not a single composer we still care about except Dallapiccola (and possibly Petrassi), who became internationally prominent only after the war.

Once again the contrast with Germany and Russia is pertinent. The story of Schoenberg's tribulations at the hands of the Nazis (or of Webern's self-destructive enthusiasm for them), or of Shostakovich's repeated collisions with Soviet

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power, will retain their human interest and their value as cautionary tales as long as these composers and their works remain our lives' companions. And only as long as that. Stories of Malipiero's, Pizzetti's, Giordano's, or Casella's relationships with the regime, or with one another, have no such value, for these men have lost any relationship with us.

One could even say that the history of music in fascist Italy was the *least* interesting and important phase of the relationship between 20th-century music and fascism. As John C. G. Waterhouse pointed out in the *Musical Times*, Sachs missed out on the one major repression he could have described: the banning, after its first Italian performance, in March 1934, of Gian Francesco Malipiero's opera *La favola del figlio cambiato*, to a libretto by Pirandello. The episode is reminiscent of the way, two years later, Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District* was persecuted by the Soviets. There is a circumstantial parallel insofar as prudery, so endemic to totalitarian regimes, figured in both incidents (in the case of *La favola*, it was the libretto that offended, not the music). But Malipiero's difficulties did not come during a general reign of terror. He was not made out a scapegoat and a general example of degeneracy. The suppression of his work was not a calculated assertion of state control. His other works were not affected. And beyond such political considerations, moreover, is the fact that Shostakovich's work was the second opera of an unquestionable genius of the genre, and its terrifying suppression, since it spelled the end of his operatic career, was more than an episode in the history of Stalinism, it was a tragedy for world art. Malipiero's opera was the fruit of a notably garrulous and uneven talent in decline, and its history is without any such wider resonance. Only one musical Italian who matters to us now was at the peak of his career during the fascist double-decade, and he was not a composer.

IV.

SO WE COME at last to Harvey Sachs's musical and moral paragon. There is hardly a touchier topic in music right now than Toscanini. One enters such an arena with apprehension, mindful that any refusal to go along with the great conductor's hagiographers will be decried as a general smear or imputed to a frivolous debunking bent. (Sachs's savage review of Joseph Horowitz's *Understanding Toscanini* in these very pages is already evidence of the danger.) But what can I do? I find the story of Toscanini's resistance to Mussolini not an inspiring saga of political courage in the face of despotism, but a rather less edifying spectacle of two Duci engaged in a protracted battle of wills.

Since Sachs insists on measuring every other Italian musician against Toscanini's example and finding them all wanting, that example had better be examined fairly closely. It doesn't stand up to scrutiny. When Mussolini came to power, Toscanini, who was 16 years the Duce's senior—and who had supported him in his earlier socialist and republican phase (and also supported such harbingers of the new order as D'Annunzio's seizure of Fiume)—had arrived at a position of dominance in Italian music every bit as complete as Mussolini's in Italian politics. He had a world following that effectively shielded him from reprisals, no matter whose. In his domain he was a law unto himself, a despot of despots. He could dictate artistic terms to anyone—even to Puccini, who referred to him, not altogether approvingly, as "the God." He tyrannized the musicians under him in a way that has become legend.

Whatever Toscanini's abstract commitment to democracy, it did not affect the way he lived and dealt with people. On the very eve of the famous slap he unwittingly revealed his double standard, when (according to an interview he later gave) he told the orchestra of the Teatro Comunale, "Gentlemen, be democrats in life but aristocrats in art." His homes, his sartorial habits, his demeanor—his "life," in short—were nevertheless those of a seigneur, not a man of the people. (Seigneurial, too, were his fees; in *Philharmonic: A History of New York's Orchestra*, Howard Shanet effectively exploded the myth of Toscanini's indifference to emolument by showing what astronomical payments he exacted at a time when the Depression was forcing—or enabling—the orchestra management to cut back musicians' wages.)

Toscanini's run-ins with Mussolini had mainly to do with the latter's attempts to infringe upon the conductor's authority at La Scala, where Toscanini was ensconced by 1922 as a virtual potentate. It was from the beginning a matter of symbolic trifles, like playing the "Giovinezza" before the performances, or displaying the Duce's portrait in the foyer. And the real sticking point, it seems, was not what Mussolini had come to stand for in actual political terms, but rather the idea that the God should have to render unto the Caesar. Sachs gives no evidence that Toscanini was regarded in Italy as a political resister. He actually declined his one documented opportunity to give public voice to a principled political resistance, when he would not sign Bernedetto Croce's anti-fascist manifesto of 1925.

Sachs's extenuating speculations ("He may have felt he did not have the right to endanger La Scala's economic survival by making his political beliefs public") are hardly consistent with the picture he otherwise draws of the Maestro. The only recorded threat the La Scala directors ever received from Mussolini on Toscanini's account (reported in Sachs's earlier book, but not here) was actually pretty feeble: "If they could not control Toscanini," the directors were warned, "they would either have to get rid of him or never expect to see Mussolini in the theater." It would be fairer to admit that Toscanini's image as defender of democracy was formed mainly in America, during the war, when he allowed himself to be portrayed—inaccurately—as an exile, and when "fascist" and "Nazi" had become synonymous. Whatever reputation he could claim as martyr was a gift from young Leo Longanesi, the Bologna slapper.

Meanwhile, Toscanini's revolutionary transformation of orchestral performance—he virtually created the modern standard of clean, efficient, uncomplicated (in a word, streamlined) execution—chimed excellently with fascist ideals of polity. He contributed more than anyone else toward turning the art of musical performance into an "art of being ruled" (to borrow a phrase from Wyndham Lewis). Mussolini saw this clearly, and so should we. In 1931 he sent round what Sachs calls a "secret circular" to Italian diplomats abroad on the need for projecting a new image of Italy. "It is high time that the world . . . got to know a different type of Italian from that of yesterday—the eternal tenor and mandolinist." He condemned "Caruso and the like" as symbols of "the old Italy" and wished to replace such symbols with a new paradigm—"symphony orchestra, whose performances also give an idea of collective group discipline." Now that's really "understanding Toscanini."

V.

THE DOUBLE STANDARDS that mar this book show how little we have come to terms with the phenome-

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non of fascism with respect to the arts. The Ezra Pound affair, not to mention more recent revelations about Martin Heidegger and Paul de Man, may have forced the literary world to struggle with the problem, but the musical world has scarcely begun to wake up. Sachs is stern enough when dealing with the Mascagnis and the Pizzettis; but when a great composer like Stravinsky proclaims to all the world (and right before an audience with the Duce in 1930)—

> I don't believe that anyone venerates Mussolini more than I. To me, he is the *one man who counts* nowadays in the whole world. I have traveled a great deal: I know many exalted personages, and my artist's mind does not shrink from political and social issues. Well, after having seen so many events and so many more or less representative men, I have an overpowering urge to render homage to your Duce. He is the savior of Italy and—let us hope—of Europe

—he must be immediately excused as "bamboozled" (Sachs's term), an unsophisticated dupe, musicians being of course congenitally "apolitical."

YET STRAVINSKY'S eyes were open. He was far from the only modern artist to show his contempt of liberalism and democracy (as Robert Craft has put it, he felt "comfortable with oligarchies and autocracies"); and he did not flinch from far uglier forms of interwar totalitarianism than Mussolini's. Shortly after Hitler took power, Stravinsky was writing to his publisher: "I am surprised to have received no proposals from Germany for next season, since my negative attitude toward communism and Judaism—not to put it in stronger terms—is a matter of common knowledge." (His anti-Semitism ran very deep; when Carl van Vechten, in a book published in 1915, idly speculated that Stravinsky might be Jewish, he received a furious protest from the composer and a demand for public retraction.)

Stravinsky performed not only in Italy, but also in Germany, right up to the beginning of the war. His recording of the ballet *Jeu de Cartes* with the Berlin Philharmonic was made in 1938, long after the orchestra was *judenrein*. His only response to the Nazi persecutions was to ask (in another letter to his publisher): "Is it politically wise vis-à-vis Germany to identify myself with Jews like Klemperer and Walter, who are being exiled?" Had it not been for the providential invitation from Harvard to occupy the Norton chair of poetry for the academic year 1939-40 (which made an American of him in the nick of time), Stravinsky might very well have ended like Pound.

For unlike most of the Italian musicians whom Sachs ambiguously condemns, Stravinsky was, between the wars, a fascist by conviction. (America changed him, to be sure, as witness a remark recorded by Nicolas Nabokov in 1947: "As far as I am concerned, they can have their Marshals and Fuehrers. Leave me Mr. Truman and I'm quite satisfied.") Many things fed into it. There was hatred of the Bolsheviks, of course, who had disinherited him from his considerable property in Russia. (It is not widely known, but Stravinsky was a member of the untitled nobility, and many of his relatives had been landed gentry.) Any enemy of Lenin (or "Braunstein," i.e., Trotsky) Stravinsky had to count a friend. (Hence, too, his morbid distress at being labelled an artistic "revolutionary.") There was a deep dread of paralyzing disorder that predisposed him toward a heavily asserted authoritarianism. Perhaps most compelling for an "advanced" artist-for-art's-sake who saw himself participating in a (or "the") great tradition (here, of course, Eliot comes to mind with Stravinsky), there was fear for the survival of high culture in an age of rampant proletariats.

If Bolshevism meant the use of violent force to overthrow existing orders, fascism could mean the use of violent force to preserve them. The protection of intransigent state power—seen as threatening the other, naturally, never oneself—was one of fascism's main promises to those obsessed with maintaining a status quo of one sort or another. Of course it was "aesthetic" fascism—fascism as a vision, not a clanking state bureaucracy; and a fascism without consequences—that attracted the likes of Eliot and Stravinsky. That is why the interaction of art and fascism can be most interestingly observed where the fascists were *not* in power. For as an ideal, acting upon first-class artistic imaginations (something in short supply among Mussolini's *musicisti*), fascism was intimately bound up with some of the most significant tendencies in 20th-century art.

VI.

FIRST AMONG THEM was neoclassicism. "If you asked a man of a certain set whether he preferred the classics to the romantics," wrote the prescient T. E. Hulme, "you could deduce from that what his politics were." Elsewhere he wrote, "It was romanticism that made the revolution; they [who] hate the revolution . . . hate romanticism." And hence the concerted effort, made by artists "of a certain set" in all media, to recapture what Hulme called "the dry hardness which you get in the classics" in the aftermath of the Great War. With Stravinsky this effort can be seen most vividly in those prickly piano pieces of the middle 1920s—the *Concerto* (with wind orchestra), the *Serenade en la*, and particularly the *Sonate* (first performed by the composer in 1925 in Venice's Teatro La Fenice at a contemporary music festival organized *"sotto il patronato di S. E. Benito Mussolini"*)—which the unsympathetic Prokofiev compared to the music of "a pock-marked Bach."

At this period Stravinsky was loudly proclaiming himself an "anti-modernist," the word "modernism" having become for him a code for that specifically post-romantic legacy of revolution and chaos exemplified in politics by the Bolsheviks, and in music by the expressionistic atonal works of Schoenberg. "MODERNISTS HAVE RUINED MODERN MUSIC," screamed the headline on an interview Stravinsky gave *Musical America* in the year of the *Sonate*. Six years later, his amanuensis Arthur Lourié would proclaim him "the dictator of the reaction against the anarchy into which modernism degenerated." This would have done perfectly well as a description of the Duce himself, and the echo was doubtless intended. Stravinsky, it is clear, identified with Mussolini in the most literal sense of the word, and in ways that were of fundamental significance for his art.

WHAT IS even more remarkable, however, is something Stravinsky found out only decades later (and which many, including Sachs, have never realized): Schoenberg joined the postwar reaction too. What many continue to view as the most radical step he or any 20th-century musician ever took—the establishment of the 12-tone method of composition—was in reality a response to a "call to order" no less exigent than the one that motivated Stravinsky. It was accompanied by a return (perhaps even more explicit than Stravinsky's) to "dry, hard," abstract formal procedures along 18th-century lines.

Although it was not accompanied by outspokenly fascistic oaths or pronouncements, Schoenberg's neoclassical

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conversion exhibited similar traits of authoritarian intransigence, fealty to a rigid social hierarchy, and (something Stravinsky could not espouse) the aggressive propagation of a national hegemony. Schoenberg made common cause with the blue blood against the masses, and sought its protection. His letter of acceptance to Prince Max Egon von und zu Fürstenberg, who had invited Schoenberg to conduct one of his earliest 12-tone compositions at the prince's prestigious Donaueschingen festival in 1924, gives fulsome evidence of this:

> The splendid enterprise in Donaueschingen . . . is reminiscent of the fairest, alas bygone, days of art when a prince stood as a protector before an artist, showing the rabble that art, a matter for princes, is beyond the judgment of common people. And only the authority of such personages, in that it permits the artist to participate in the distinctive position bestowed by a higher power, is able to demonstrate this demarcation in a sensuously tangible manner to all those who are merely educated, who have merely worked their way up, and to make manifest the difference between those who have become what they are and those who were born what they are.

Schoenberg's personality was as absolutist and despotic as any dictator's. In a recent interview, one of his Viennese disciples, Paul Pisk, responded to a question about the internal decision-making process of a concert series with which Schoenberg was involved immediately after the war (the Society for Private Musical Performances) by recalling that there was no such process; Schoenberg's were the only opinions the group entertained. His personal relationships could be repellently exploitative (see the recently published volume of Schoenberg's correspondence with Alban Berg, one of the most unpleasant books of its kind). As for hegemony, many will recall the extraordinary way Schoenberg chose to announce the formulation of the 12-tone method to his pupil and assistant Joseph Rufer: "I have made a discovery thanks to which the supremacy of German music is ensured for the next hundred years."

OF COURSE the whole house of cards collapsed when this adamant German nationalist found himself branded an undesirable outsider by the country to whose supremacy he was devoted. But Schoenberg's traumatic exile did not affect Webern's thinking in the least; and though they banned

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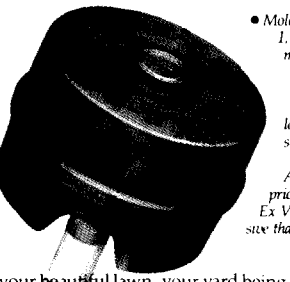

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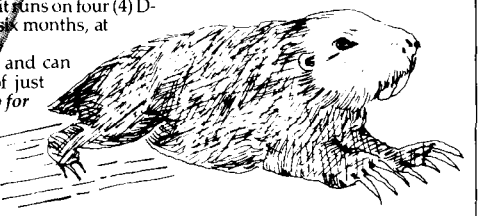

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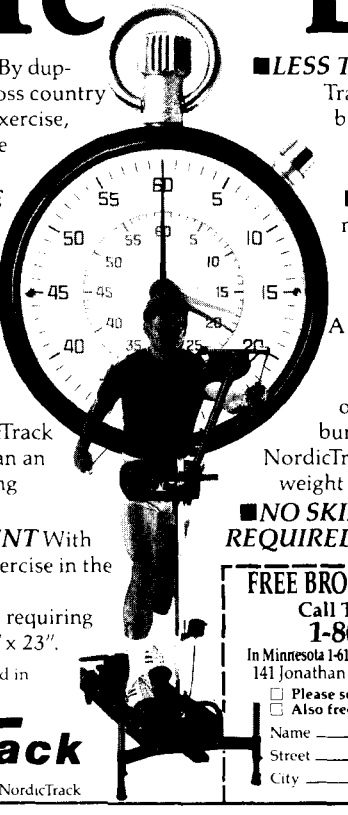

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his music along with his teacher's, Webern welcomed the Nazis to Vienna with joy (a heartbreaking interview with the violinist Louis Krasner in a recent issue of *Fanfare* magazine tells the whole story).

Even more quixotic was Heinrich Schenker, the great Austrian music theorist, who was frankly antagonistic toward modern music and hence more literally devoted than any of the modernists to the defense and preservation of the Germanic classical tradition. Like Schoenberg before his exile, Schenker was at once a Jew and a fanatical German supremacist. He died in 1935, before the Anschluss, and therefore never had to experience Webern's tragic disillusionment. But even taking all of that into account, the rabid identification with Hitler he revealed in a letter he sent one of his pupils in May 1933 is scarcely to be believed:

> The historical achievement of Hitler, the extermination of Marxism, will be celebrated by posterity (including the French, the English and all the exploiters of crimes against Germany) no less gratefully than the great deeds of the greatest Germans. If only a man were born to music, who would finally exterminate the musical Marxists: for this it would be necessary for the masses to become better acquainted with this inherently elusive art—but this is, and must remain, a contradiction in terms. "Art" and the masses have never belonged together: so where would one ever find the quantity of musical "brownshirts" necessary to chase away the musical Marxists? I have already provided the weapons; but the music, the true German music of the greats, is in no way understood by the masses who are supposed to bear the weapons.

For a Jew to think such thoughts was obviously "blind, deluded, mad," and to write them "perhaps even evil." This was a madness and an evil to which many more succumbed than we care to remember, and it touched upon questions of real artistic substance that most of us still prefer to bracket off from "life," and thereby hope to neutralize. There are real moral issues at stake, going far beyond the safe and spurious ones Harvey Sachs has chosen to raise in his complacent book. They are with us still, nor are they confined to the persistent bureaucratic and political meddling in the affairs of Italian opera houses, where Sachs sees the enduring legacy of fascism. The legacy of fascism is an inherent and, in the West, largely unacknowledged, facet of the anti-democratic legacy of modernism. Confrontation with this unpleasant truth will have to take place if ever health is to be restored to our fragmented, acrimonious, and unhappy musical culture—particularly what is left of the "high culture" that has of late so blatantly advertised its inauthenticity by turning "authenticity" into such a contentious issue. But that is another chapter, another imbroglio.

A Masterpiece Of Memory

My Century: The Odyssey of a Polish Intellectual by Aleksander Wat edited and translated by Richard Lourie

(University of California Press, 500 pp., $35)

We would know less about communism, and Polish literature would not be what it is today, had a forgotten Dadaist poet named Aleksander Wat not suffered a stroke one day early in 1953.

It happened in Warsaw at the height of Stalinism (nobody could have foreseen that the Immortal Light of Mankind himself would die several weeks later), and it was probably a psychosomatic result of Wat's most recent public castigation for his lack of enthusiasm for Socialist Realism. Wat recovered from the stroke. A burst blood vessel in his brain caused a chronic neurological disorder, however, diagnosed as the Wallenberg complex. Its chief symptoms were unpredictable attacks of debilitating pain in the head and the body, which lasted for hours on end and left Wat exhausted and unable to work. There was nothing the doctors could do except prescribe extra-strong painkillers. Asked about a cure, one specialist answered: "Yes, you can leave this disease behind you—by jumping out of a window."

The illness was to keep Wat company for the next 14 years, during which the recurrent pain succeeded in frustrating his major literary projects before it finally pushed him to suicide in 1967. But, ironically, this very pain was also chiefly responsible for the emergence of two masterpieces: Wat's late poetry and *My Century*. In Wat's poems, physical pain becomes a central metaphor that binds together various strains of human existence. *My Century*, his "spoken memoir"—or, rather, his enormous interview/reminiscence/confession/meditation recorded by Czeslaw Milosz in Berkeley and Paris during 1964, is even more literally a product of pain. It was initially undertaken for therapeutic reasons, to take Wat's mind off his suffering.

"The devil behind my illness is the devil of communism," Wat remarks matter-of-factly in the first pages of *My Century*. He proceeds to define communism as naturally "pathogenic." Taken literally, this might sound paranoid, but Wat's intent becomes clearer later on, as he expands on the essence of Stalinism as

> exteriorization . . . the killing of the inner man . . . the poisoning of the inner man so that it becomes shrunken the way headhunters shrink heads—those shriveled little heads—and then disappears entirely. It doesn't even rot away inside, because the communists are afraid of inner rot. No, it should turn to dust.

Yet Wat was a poet as well as a thinker; and in his mind a metaphor could take on the appearance of an objective truth, to be taken at face value. He was not above regarding his illness, quite literally, as the body's rebellious response to the decades of mental subordination to unacceptable doctrine. Or, in more metaphysical terms, it was the final link in a long series of providential punishments for having once collaborated with the satanic forces of history. Wat was a modern incarnation of Job, not because he suffered more than the millions of other victims of the century's ideological lunacies, but because he tried persistently to find a reason behind the suffering that befell him. What was unique in Wat's case was not misery itself, but the encounter between a commonly shared misery and the exceptionally receptive and subtle mind of a poet and thinker.

Still, if not for Wat's illness and Mi-

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losz's tape recorder, we would have only an inkling of Wat's greatness. Even before the debilitating disease seized him in 1953, his literary productivity had been weirdly stunted by history's vagaries and his own doubts. Wat's career may well be one of the most disjointed in literature. After his first book of Dadaist poetry came out in 1919, he lapsed into nearly total silence as a poet for the next 38 years. He published a single collection of short stories, and otherwise confined himself to translating and editing other authors. His second book of poems appeared in Poland only in 1957, and his third in 1962. These three slim collections comprise Wat's entire poetic oeuvre published in his lifetime. A year after his death, another collection—the Polish title can be translated as "Dark Trinket" or "Obscure Source of Light"—appeared in the West, containing not only the older work but a number of dazzling new poems, too.

The publication of *My Century* took a much longer time. After plenty of editing and retyping, mostly done by the poet's widow, Paulina (Ola) Wat, the first Polish edition appeared in London in 1977. Over the past decade, aided by young scholars of Wat's work, Paulina Wat has dug through mountains of her husband's hardly legible manuscripts and scattered publications, and has initiated publication of his collected works. Two volumes, containing his essays and notes, are available so far. In English, Wat had been represented until now only by a small collection entitled *Mediterranean Poems*, selected and translated by Milosz and published by Ardis Press 11 years ago.

THIS IS NOT much by any standard. Those who knew Wat personally were always intrigued by the contrast between the minute size of his output and his enormous intellectual power, which was immediately clear in conversations and in his oral reminiscences. Something of a child prodigy, Wat had begun to develop a highly complex and unorthodox intellect very early in life. Born in 1900 as Aleksander Chwat to a Jewish family, with famous philosophers and rabbis among its ancestors and a library full of ancient and modern books, he mastered several languages as a matter of course, and read voraciously in each of them throughout his childhood. He became a rising star in philosophy at the University of Warsaw. But by then he had already made a highly iconoclastic splash in literary circles.

As a 19-year-old, Wat made his name as a co-founder of Polish futurism and the author of a shockingly bizarre book entitled *Me from One Side and Me from the Other Side of My Pug Iron Stove*. The book is a long poem in prose that faintly recalls Rimbaud or Lautréamont, but mainly it is Dadaist, relying on the technique of *écriture automatique*. (Legend has it that Wat wrote it over a couple of nights while suffering from a high fever, and never bothered to correct numerous printing mistakes that added to the text's puzzling quality.) But it was distinctly different from other futurists' work: it explored the dark realms of the subconscious rather than exclaiming over civilization's bright prospects. Still, for the next several years, though writing less and less of his own poetry, Wat remained an active participant in the futurist movement.

At this point, however, Polish futurism itself was undergoing a highly characteristic turnabout. In the mid-'20s, its anarchic praise of unrestricted freedom was rapidly turning into its exact opposite, a strict subservience to Communist ideology and Party discipline, thus recreating in literature the famous path once envisaged by Dostoyevsky's hero Shigalev: "Starting from unlimited freedom and arriving at unlimited despotism." Wat was perhaps not as pure an example of this evolution as his fellow poet Bruno Jasieński, who in roughly two decades went all the way from the anarchic dandyism of his "ego-futurist" beginnings to wholehearted acceptance of communism; he immigrated to the Soviet Union, where he became a Party dignitary, only to perish not long after in one of Stalin's purges.

Yet Wat too turned to communism, that common substitute for faith during those years of crisis, to fill the ideological void that was evident in his second book, the collection of catastrophic short stories *Lucifer Unemployed* that appeared in 1927. Throughout the '30s, when he stopped writing poetry altogether and made his living as an editor and a translator, he became increasingly close to the Communist Party of Poland. He never formally joined it, but with the individualistic doubts of a typical rotten intellectual, he remained a fellow traveler, and the Party entrusted him in 1929-31 with the post of

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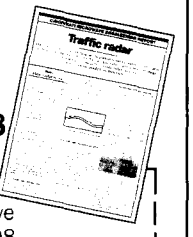

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editor in chief of its most influential organ, the *Literary Monthly*. A good half of *My Century* is devoted to a pricelessly detailed discussion of this period in both Wat's life and in Poland's political and intellectual history; there is simply no other account available that could recreate the atmosphere of the '30s in Poland and dissect the mentality of the pro-Communist left with such thoroughness, with such surgical precision.

Since the Communist Party of Poland had been formally banned, the *Literary Monthly* was closed down, and in 1932 Wat found himself in the first of the 14 prisons he was to get to know from the inside in the later course of his life. This was a Polish prison between the wars, however, and it was therefore, even in those years of exacerbated political tensions, a relatively mild one. Wat spent only a few weeks there, and at one point he and his comrades even enjoyed luxurious food and drinks sent to their cell by a literary friend who happened to be a big gun in ruling circles. More disconcerting was Wat's confrontation with the close-mindedness of his Communist cellmates, the unmistakably totalitarian bent in their mental and behavioral subordination to Party discipline. It was then that Wat had his first foretaste of communism's evil, its "killing of the inner man." It was then, too, that he began to rethink his Communist leanings.

STILL, his Polish experience of this kind of evil was just a watered-down version of what he was to encounter in the Soviet Union in the coming years. All his pro-Communist past did not save him—indeed, it incriminated him even more—when after the outbreak of war he found himself a refugee in Lvov, the capital of the Polish Ukraine soon captured by the advancing Soviet army and made part of the Soviet Union. After all, the Communist Party of Poland had been charged with treason and dissolved by the Comintern a few years earlier. In any case, someone like Wat, by virtue of his very status as a Polish intellectual, was suspect whatever his affiliations.

The first transports to Siberia did not include Wat or his wife and son, but they did not have to wait long. In January 1940, Wat was arrested, along with a group of other Polish writers (the most prominent among them was the famous pro-Communist poet Wladyslaw Broniewski), after a brawl was staged in a Lvov restaurant by Stalin's secret police. Separated from his family and knowing nothing of their whereabouts, Wat spent the next two years in a number of Soviet prisons, accused of a smorgasbord of crimes from Zionism and Trotskyism to spying on behalf of the Vatican. In one of the prisons he underwent a spiritual rebirth and converted to Catholicism (although the eventual transformations of his religious outlook were to leave him with a rather unorthodox mixture of Judaism and Christianity).

After Hitler's breach of the Ribbentropp-Molotov pact, and Stalin's consequent "amnesty" for Poles who survived his mass executions and concentration camps, Wat was released and evacuated to Alma-Ata, where he was reunited with his family. His refusal to join the Soviet-sponsored Union of Polish Patriots, however, resulted in the family's banishment to a remote settlement in the midst of a Kazakhstan desert. There Wat was arrested and jailed again, this time for his resistance to the so-called "passportization"—that is, the forcing of Polish settlers to accept Soviet citizenship (thus depriving them of any chance to be repatriated).

AFTER WAT'S release, the family continued to live for a while in Kazakhstan, coping with destitution, illnesses, and the harsh conditions of everyday life, until they were finally allowed to return to Poland in April 1946. The Soviet period of Wat's life up to the Kazakhstan years is covered by the second half of *My Century*, a book comparable to Nadezhda Mandelstam's *Hope Against Hope*, an incomparably profound and precise analysis of everything from the nature of totalitarianism and the specifics of prison life to the intricacies of human characters and the essence of religious experience. (A forceful chapter from Paulina Wat's separate memoir, originally published in 1984, describes the "passportization" affair in vivid detail.)

Wat's reminiscences stop well before the point of his family's repatriation. He wanted to continue the recordings, but Milosz, his ideal listener and interlocutor, was unable to spend more time on them, and cooperation with another interviewer did not work out. What happened next in Wat's life is known from other sources, including his posthumously published *Diary Without Vowels*, a loose collection of notes and reminiscences Wat transcribed in a code that omitted vowels.

In Stalinist Poland, Wat's position was precarious: he was tolerated but cut off from publishing his work and viewed with suspicion, particularly after his numerous outspoken criticisms of Socialist Realism. The early 1950s marked a period of intensified political attacks against him, one of which likely led to the fateful stroke. Wat's illness and his prolonged stays in Polish hospitals, where speakers mounted in every room blared propagandistic radio broadcasts all day long, cast a grim shadow on this phase in his life. The political thaw of 1956 brought a respite, during which Wat returned to literary life, publishing a book of poems in 1957 and earning high praise from younger poets. An official literary prize he received for the book enabled him to travel to the West in 1959, chiefly in search of a cure and a milder climate. He lived initially in southern France and Italy, then in Paris, writing a few poems (collected in his third volume in 1962) as well as essays, innovative meditations on the nature of Stalinism, the poetics of Socialist Realist literature, and the semantics of totalitarian language.

By the early 1960s the political pendulum in Poland had swung back to intolerance, and attacks on Wat were resumed; some went so far as to accuse him of faking his disease in order to enjoy life in the West. In 1963 he decided not to return to Poland, even though he had no steady means of support in Paris. In an attempt to help him, his admirers in California, particularly Gleb Struve and Milosz, persuaded Berkeley's Center for Slavic and East European Studies to invite Wat for a year's stay. Wat was initially elated and brimming with ideas and plans, but at Berkeley his health deteriorated further. The attacks of pain and heavy painkillers left him unable to write for most of the time, and he was guilty and despondent. It was then that the center's director, Gregory Grossman, and Milosz struck upon the idea of recording Wat's oral reminiscences as a substitute for real activity and a sort of psychotherapy. No one could have expected that the final product of the recording sessions would emerge after many years, along with Witold Gombrowicz's *Diary*, as undoubtedly the most important book of non-fiction in modern Polish literature.

STANISLAW BARANCZAK

Stanislaw Baranczak is the Alfred Jurzykowski Professor of Polish Language and Literature at Harvard University. His latest book is *A Fugitive from Utopia: The Poetry of Zbigniew Herbert* (Harvard University Press).

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Our Other Revolution

The Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era
by James M. McPherson

(Oxford University Press, 904 pp., $35)

There has never been a great novel about the American Civil War, though the subject would seem to contain the ingredients for a masterpiece. From the division of families whose sons marched off to kill each other, to the emancipation of nearly four million slaves, to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln less than a week after Lee's surrender, the Civil War offers a historical drama unmatched by other episodes in our national history. Daniel Aaron explains the unwritten Civil War as the result of a kind of self-censorship—a reticence about telling the truth about an American calamity. (No doubt Margaret Mitchell's fans would argue that the great war epic has been written, though *Gone With the Wind* insults as history and is too thin as literature to take its place alongside *War and Peace*, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, and *All Quiet on the Western Front*.) But the fictional silence may also reflect an inability to come to terms with the experience of blacks in our past.

Americans have relied on historians, instead, for their popular understanding of the Great Schism of the 1860s. Talented historians—from Alexander Stephens, the vice president of the Confederacy whose *A Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States* appeared in 1868, to James Randall, Allan Nevins, C. Vann Woodward, and David Herbert Donald in this century—have probed not only the events of the war years, but their meaning. James McPherson must now be added to this group. *The Battle Cry of Freedom* is the most topically comprehensive and most bibliographically up-to-date history of the Civil War that has ever been written in a single volume.

McPherson begins in 1848 with the Mexican-American War and ends in 1865, promising a forthcoming volume on Reconstruction. He presents a full treatment of the coming of the war; that is to say, the firing on Fort Sumter does not take place until a third of the way through the book. In the remaining 600 pages, McPherson principally treats the military history of the war, unravelling the complex proceedings of individual battles and regional campaigns and clearly placing them in the larger skein of general strategy.

But McPherson by no means neglects the political and economic conditions in the North and the South during the war. Although he is not the first to call attention to the Civil War as a total war, his emphasis on civilian casualties and his careful attention to guerrilla warfare in the border states reveal the ways in which the distinction between civilian and military simply broke down during the 1860s. "The Civil War," writes McPherson, "was pre-eminently a political war . . . a war of people rather than of professional armies." What happened to civilian populations in Washington and Richmond—and in Raleigh, Milledgeville, and other state capitals of the Confederacy as the Union Army inched southward—influenced military outcomes; food shortages, inflation, fear had their demoralizing effects. At the same time, the results of campaigns, and even of individual battles, influenced public morale and government policy. In particular, they affected the efforts of both sides to recruit an army, and to control the sympathies of Great Britain; had Great Britain gone beyond recognizing the belligerency of the Confederacy and illegal ship commissions, the Union would never have prevailed.

The Battle Cry of Freedom reveals the extent to which history at its best is a cumulative discipline. Even at a time when social history reigns, Civil War studies (which are naturally, though not exclusively, political and military) have proliferated. But this is not a social history of the Civil War, despite a chapter that describes America at midcentury, and despite McPherson's original analysis of the occupations of Billy Yank and Johnny Reb that clearly demonstrates this was not just a poor man's fight. McPherson has distilled an astonishing amount of new scholarship of every kind and on every issue. Like Grant during the Wilderness campaign, there are few historical trenches that he does not confront. Unfortunately it is not always clear on whose side he is fighting in the controversies that agitate professional histori-

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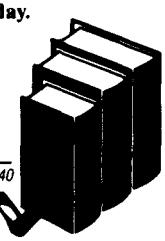

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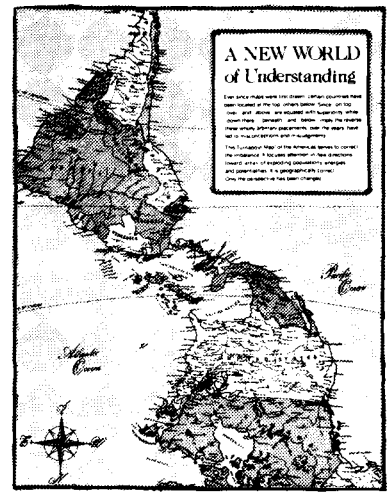

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ans. Thus when reviewing the explanations for the antebellum South's failure to industrialize—which range from the values and ideals of slaveholding planters to the excess of capital tied up in slavery—McPherson never makes clear which he believes is pre-eminently correct. And in discussing the potential benefit to the Confederacy of a cordon defense, he notes that historians have criticized the strategy, but leaves his own view uncertain. Those who depend on experts for their conclusions will be disappointed by this narrator's reticence.

McPherson's book has the effect of explaining why the Civil War is likely to remain the province of historians. Too much happened during these years; the events—political, economic, or military—were, as one prominent participant acknowledged, overwhelming, unassimilable. "I claim," wrote Lincoln in April 1864, "not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me." Private motivation and individual importance shrink, or are unrecoverable, amid the surge of public occurrences, the determinants of which are neither obvious nor certain. The Civil War cannot be one person's story, even if that individual is (as in Gore Vidal's and William Safire's recent novels) Lincoln. The period appears, rather, as a collective tragedy, a collective revolution, and a collective redemption: a scale of drama encompassed by the scope of *The Battle Cry of Freedom*.

Still, McPherson's narrative does provide the satisfactions, customary to fiction, of plot, character, and the development of conflict. He does not write the gripping prose of Bruce Catton or Shelby Foote, but he convinces through his serviceable, always accessible language that understatement may be the most appropriate means of conveying the suffering inflicted by a war that has too often been romanticized. "Night fell," he writes of the battle of Antietam, "on a scene of horror beyond imagining." And then McPherson lets the participants describe the specifics of that agony. A Northern war correspondent described "a ghastly spectacle. . . . Confederates going down as the grass falls before the scythe. . . . A whole landscape for an instant turned red."

AND UNLIKE the authors of the history-as-fiction school (like Vidal), who feel at liberty to create the words of historical figures, the dialogue is authentic. McPherson's vast storehouse of primary materials enables him to create conversation as smoothly as a novelist. When the overly cautious McClellan fails to follow Lee across the Potomac after the battle of Antietam, and pleads tired men and animals as his excuse for his dereliction, an exasperated Lincoln wonders "what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam?" McClellan in turn vents his spleen in a letter to his wife, telling her that the president is inferior to him, in fact he is "a Gorilla." With the theatrical sense of a novelist, McPherson ends his book (save for an epilogue) with a comment by John Wilkes Booth, upon hearing Lincoln's speech on reconstruction, delivered from the balcony of the White House on April 11, 1865. "That means nigger citizenship," Booth muttered to a friend. "Now by God I'll put him through. That is the last speech he'll ever make."

Although events overshadow the major characters of this story, McPherson leaves room for individuals. Some of his protagonists grow during the crisis. This is especially true of Lincoln, who exaggerated the extent of Southern unionism at the beginning of the war at the same time that he misread the possibilities of emancipation in the loyal border states. But then the president changed his mind, displaying a flexible commitment to his war goals that his counterpart, the dyspeptic Jefferson Davis, did not share. Grant is another of McPherson's heroes. Chastened by the humiliating effects of his weakness for liquor, McPherson's Grant emerges as a brilliant, self-controlled strategist who saw, as too few Northern generals did, the necessity of coordinated attacks on the Confederate armies to prevent their mutual reinforcement.

McPherson employs the historical form of "the interrupted narrative." Thus the story proceeds by way of answers to sometimes explicit, more often

THE CANON

800 parachutists drop in a clearing some distance
from Ernesto, who is fatigued and hungry and writing
home to a woman whose nipples are purple

and point up directly under the parachutists'
fall. Perhaps this is a coincidence
or maybe some agreement between the breasts

and the soldiers jeopardizes Ernesto's romance.
What will happen when his girl is surprised
by all those men? But don't worry.

This scene, we'll never find depicted
on one of our countrymen's pots
but only goldenrods. Who knows, maybe Nora,

the girl, will begin to blame
Ernesto for his absence. If he had loved her
he would have left some small property in her name

before going off. Or better yet, his army
would win and she not be forced to entertain
all those hands and their idiot patriotism.

But, instead, she could without compunction
bathe her armpits in the piece of bowl
which Ernesto brought her from the capital

only last month, and those boys could go home.
She will send a letter to her lover before the enemy
lands, and inform him of the goldenrods

thrusting up near the chicken roost. If
she writes quickly, the entire field
may be in bloom by the time he gets the message.

CANDICE FAVILLA

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implicit, questions, derived from contemporary historiography. "Why did the Court take this fateful step?" "What were the rights and liberties for which Southerners contended?" "What stake did non-slaveholding whites have in this crusade for the freedom of slaves to own slaves?" And, about the aftermath of the Emancipation Proclamation, McPherson asks, "Would the army fight for freedom?" On the battlefield the narrative proceeds with fewer interruptions, though Pickett's legendary charge at Gettysburg is the occasion for a comparison of its "matchless valor, apparent initial success, and ultimate disaster" to the Confederate war effort as a whole.

DESPITE McPherson's comprehensiveness, and his evenhanded style, *The Battle Cry of Freedom* does have an overriding theme, appropriately suggested by the book's title. According to McPherson, the Civil War was a revolution, on both sides. Both the North and South were fighting for alternative views of freedom, an ideal inherited from their shared revolutionary past. In the North during the late 1850s, the new Republican Party contested what that society came to understand as the aggressions of a slaveocracy intent on violating the freedom of whites in the territories, and especially in Kansas. With the election of Lincoln, "the revolution of 1860" occurred: the increasingly anti-slavery Republicans opposed the Southerner's "new dogma" that the Constitution carried slavery into the territories. In an astonishingly rapid response to the election of Lincoln (McPherson calls it a "pre-emptive counterrevolution"), the South established its own government, an act justified, in the words of a Confederate official, by the need "to preserve [our] old institutions from a revolution that threatened to destroy [our] social system." The liberties that the South defended in its battle cry of freedom were twofold: the right to own slaves and to take them anywhere as private property, and the right to be free from the interfering North.

The Northern revolution, in turn, gathered power during the war, when the 37th Congress, freed of the hampering convictions of the South, oversaw a comprehensive change in the economic and fiscal structure of the United States. A national banking act, new taxes (including a maximum five percent levy on income), a homestead act, and a federally financed Pacific railroad act accomplished this transformation, at the same time as the abolition of slavery became an acknowledged war policy. Northerners gradually came to understand (the Democrats were most often the exceptions) that every slave subtracted from the Confederacy added to the strength of the Union, and doubly so if that slave became a soldier, as was possible after 1862. It is one of the benefits of McPherson's microscopic coverage that the change in Lincoln's attitude on emancipation can be viewed in the context of military events. Eventually, with the president's sanction, the battle cry of freedom came to include the least free Americans too. (It is one of the shortcomings of McPherson's account, however, that he uncharacteristically neglects to consider the cumulative effects on the Confederacy of black mobilization and the end of slavery.)

MCPHERSON'S VIEW of the Civil War as a revolution shows how far historians have come from the Southern-oriented perspectives of the past. For whatever reason—perhaps the nostalgic attraction of the failed counterrevolution to Southern-born or Southern-trained historians, perhaps the intellectual appeal of the Confederacy as a foil to the emergent capitalism of the North—the historical framework in which the Civil War is considered generally has been pro-Southern. For example, even after Kenneth Stampp in 1950 absolved Lincoln of maneuvering the Confederacy into war, the question remained what he and his party *should* have done to prevent the South from firing on Sumter. McPherson dispenses with such a wrongheaded outlook by recognizing that Lincoln wanted peace, but was willing to risk war. It *was* Jefferson Davis who started the war. Nor could the Republicans have made concessions that would have dampened the secession movement; as McPherson emphasizes, Southerners joyously celebrated their departure from the Union.

More important, the pro-Southern outlook on the history of the war emphasized Northern apathy about the politics of slavery, thus removing slavery as a cause of the war. Like most contemporary scholars, however, McPherson makes clear that it was slavery that provided the context for the conflict. In the Southern-shaded view, the Confederate circumlocution that "democratic liberty exists solely because we have black slaves" was gingerly treated as a states right or constitutional issue. For McPherson the paradox of a slaveholding society that proclaimed itself the true inheritor of Republican liberties is "Orwellian."

The same Southern tilt has also led generations of Americans to understand that the North won the war because it had more men, weapons, and general military potential. In this reading, the Confederacy did not exactly lose, because it never could have won. But such an analysis overlooks the offsetting advantages of fighting a defensive war for independence, a feat successfully accomplished under roughly similar odds by the Netherlands in the 16th century, the Americans in the 18th century, and the North Vietnamese in the 20th century. On this issue some historians have accepted the recent work of Richard Beringer et al., who argue in their recent

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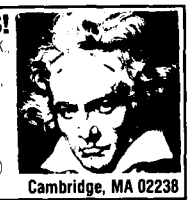

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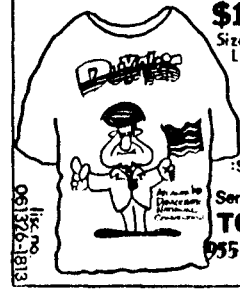

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study, *Why the South Lost the Civil War*, that the Confederacy collapsed from a failure of will. After all, Lee surrendered 25,000 men at Appomattox; and the Confederate government, aware of the high desertion rates in its armies, eschewed the kind of guerrilla movements that other societies undertake.

McPherson disagrees with Beringer, though he does present plenty of evidence of low morale among the Confederate troops. Instead, he offers a new explanation of the Southern defeat based on what he calls "the dimension of contingency." Had the Union armies not been successful at four crucial watersheds (the summer of 1862 when Lee and Bragg and Kirby went on the offensive; again in the fall of 1862; in the summer and fall of 1863 at Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga; and finally in 1864) the Confederacy might have prevailed. McPherson does not play out the possibilities of his thesis. Indeed, his argument here is counterfactual and ahistorical. Not everyone will agree with every aspect of McPherson's rendering of the Civil War, but his essential point that the American Civil War produced revolutionary change in the nation summarizes and extends a generation of Civil War scholarship.

JEAN BAKER

Jean Baker teaches at Goucher College and is the author of *Mary Todd Lincoln: A Biography* (Norton).

THE BOOK CLUB

Victor Gollancz
by Ruth Dudley Edwards

(Victor Gollancz Ltd., 784 pp., £20)

There are few stories more depressing in the history of the British left than that of the 1930s. The "red decade" of Spender, Auden, and the Spanish Civil War, and the desperate years of Hunger Marches and *The Road to Wigan Pier*, mark a period grimly haunted by the specter of unemployment at home and of fascism abroad. Central to the tale are the passionate leaders of the left, unwaveringly idealistic in their goal of a socialist Britain, yet hopelessly factionalized by the sectarian dogma of a nascent Marxist ideology.

Victor Gollancz was perhaps the most passionate of all. Though he was not a member of any of the established political bodies of the day, Gollancz's leadership as the founder of the Left Book Club was instrumental to the evolution of leftist thought in Britain in the '30s and, it has been argued, to the eventual success of the Labour Party in the general election of 1945. In her arresting biography of Gollancz, Ruth Dudley Edwards places his contribution to the political growth of Britain during the postwar years in its proper perspective. This biography of one of the most important figures in the history of the British left in the 1930s is a success; Gollancz's contradictions are shown to be the product of a large and very fragile ego, and Edwards's beautiful prose does not obscure the oft-quoted voice of the man himself.

Gollancz was a man of deep personal contradiction. An arrogant and unquestionably brilliant businessman, a socialist businessman, he was torn throughout his life between his quest for goodness in a world he saw as crumbling and his (ultimately victorious) egotism. John Strachey, his close friend and fellow selector for the Left Book Club, probably described him best: "Capitalist and Socialist: man of the world and latter day saint: Jew and Christian: rationalist and theologian: rebel and traditionalist." Such oppositions make for fine biography. Edwards uses them to draw a fascinating picture of a man she sees as a '30s version of the Victorian man of letters.

Born in 1893 in Maida Vale, North London, Gollancz was educated at St. Paul's and Oxford. His father, a mildly prosperous jeweller, was a respected member of London's thriving Jewish community, a Conservative, and a proponent of 19th-century free trade. He raised his son to be a respectable Victorian like himself. But from very early on, the young Gollancz railed against such conformism. Speaking out in defense of all that his father derided, Gollancz had become, by the age of ten, liberal, anti-imperialist, and social reformist. Later, as a member of the Oxford Union, he infuriated his father by delivering messianic speeches on such topics as women's suffrage, South Africa, and pacifism.

A Jew in an educational world dominated by Christians, Gollancz, like Disraeli before him, both loved and reviled his Judaism. Certainly, as Edwards notes, he abhorred commitment to a religion not of his choosing. Yet he could not abandon the ethical spirituality he found in the faith. Edwards's analysis of this tension is clear, and her prose sparkles with irony:

> The liberal Jews, for all their culture, open-mindedness, and 20th-century Englishness, were Jews first and Victor was Victor first and foremost. He could embrace only beliefs that he had evolved for himself, and such evolution could not flourish in the potentially discordant company of those whose spiritual house was built on the foundations of Jewishness.

After graduating from Oxford in the spring of 1915, Gollancz served for a brief time as a teacher at Repton, then went to London to make his fortune. As the technical books editor for Benn Brothers, Gollancz showed a sort of genius at choosing and publishing best-selling works, particularly after he convinced Ernest Benn that glossy, high-priced art books were "technical." For his troubles, he was made a director of the company in 1927. But wholly unsatisfied with lieutenant status, Gollancz borrowed heavily from his family and late in 1927 he left Benn Brothers to begin his own firm.

Victor Gollancz Ltd. published such authors as A. J. Cronin, Dorothy Sayers, and Daphne du Maurier, and was quickly established as a financially stable member of the London publishing world. Again Edwards is correct in pointing out Gollancz's arrogance: made wealthy by the success of his authors, Gollancz was quick to overlook the capital his family had provided him and, more often than not, saw to it that he was billed as a self-made man.

In May 1936 Gollancz launched the Left Book Club, with John Strachey and Harold Laski. Strachey was, like Gollancz, a wealthy socialist, the most influential Marxist writer in Britain and an all-but-card-carrying communist. Laski,

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at that time a professor at the London School of Economics, was a member of the Labour Party's National Executive. The Club was founded, as its first advertisements stated, "to help in the terribly urgent struggle *for* World Peace and a better social and economic order and *against* Fascism." For a small price it provided a book a month to its members, along with a copy of the Club newspaper, the *Left News*. Today many of the books seem naive and misinformed, relics of an idealistic age when the Soviet Union was the paragon of Marxist virtue. But to a nation relatively new to the workings of Marxist theory, they were a boon indeed.

The Left Book Club was an immediate success. Gollancz had stated in advertisements in late February and early March 1936 that 2,500 initial members would be needed to ensure the Club's foundation. In May, when the first title, Maurice Thorez's *France Today and the People's Front*, was published in the orange binding that was to become the Club's trademark, there were some 9,000 members. After six months that figure had swelled to 30,000. By 1938 there were 58,000 members in the Left Book Club and some 1,200 reading groups and provincial clubhouses.

IT IS unfortunate that Edwards does not delve too deeply into the reasons for the Club's success, thus missing a chance to probe some of Gollancz's most characteristic qualities. She harps on his *mana* (which she translates loosely as his charisma), but is reluctant to discuss his relationship with the disaffected Labour Party of the mid-1930s. Outraged by Ramsay MacDonald's "abandonment" of the Labour Party to form a coalition government in 1931, many British leftists became disillusioned with parliamentary politics during the decade and could find no alternative forum in which to vent their political desires and emotions. Some turned to the Communist Party, which billed itself as the true voice of the working class.

But the Party's dogmatic, authoritarian outlook, as well as the decidedly foreign flavor of the Soviet Comintern, made the CP unappetizing to the majority. Others joined intellectual pressure groups such as the Socialist League, but these were exclusive to the educated upper class, and could hold no wide appeal. With the Independent Labour Party on the skids after its disaffiliation from the Labour Party in 1932, left-leaning Britons had little choice but to sit and wait for their day in the sun.

The Left Book Club provided an alternative to inaction. Its populist voice gave strength to disaffected leftists all over Britain. The Club provided an education, an atmosphere, almost a way of life, for its members. There were Club summer schools and "educational rambles," a monthly newspaper, the *Left News*, and even a distinctive Left Book Club badge. Edwards outlines the Club's place in the political spectrum, but she would rather discuss its connection with the Communist Party than allow it to stand alone as an independent and powerful political organization.

IN FACT, the question of the Left Book Club's supposed infiltration by the CP has become somewhat moot. Because the Club engendered support for a Communist-inspired Popular Front of all political parties that would stand against the Conservatives, many historians have labelled the Club an ancillary of the CP itself, an organization that did more to drive the left apart than to bring it together. Yet, as Edwards begins to point out, Gollancz's admiration for communism was not matched by a corresponding allegiance to it; and although he published many Communist authors, examination of his papers reveal that the Club itself was hardly Communist-directed. The Soviet Comintern could crack the reins, but Gollancz would not respond.

Why, though, did Gollancz abandon the Labour Party in the first place? Edwards explains his coming to the party in the early 1930s as a result of the Depression, and of his fear of another war, but does not explain his eventual disaffection with Labour and his subsequent conversion to an individualistic form of extreme leftism. Gollancz had written to MacDonald in 1931 that he wanted to stand for Parliament in the upcoming general election, and he had stated throughout his life that when he became financially stable he would enter national politics.

In 1936, Gollancz was 43 years old, and more than financially stable; he was not even broadly hinting that he might be going into politics. One wonders why, in the face of a growing fascist threat abroad and political instability on the left at home, he chose to start a book club rather than throwing himself into the fray. That Victor Gollancz was able to place the LBC in the center of political thought, however, is in itself an interesting achievement. When the Labour government was elected in 1945, eight Club authors were part of the executive, six more were MPs. Maybe a book club is a form of political action, after all.

SAMUEL SIFTON

Samuel Sifton recently graduated from Harvard College.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

tory route. I also stated that I oppose teaching third graders about condoms.

Mr. Bauer's "we ought to err on the side of caution" is a smokescreen that means "Let's assume my version of the facts until I'm convinced otherwise." Every prominent public health official has abandoned the heterosexual transmission theory that Mr. Bauer and his—yes, kooky—scientists promulgate. Dr. Anthony Fauci, director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, wrote recently in the *Futurist*, "It is very, very unlikely that AIDS will spread into the general population of the United States to a great degree." But whatever the transmissibility of the virus, my basic point remains: the purpose of public health measures should be to protect the public health, not to advance ideological goals.

INSIDERS OUTSIDE THE BELTWAY

To the editors:

"It is hard to imagine what a traveling salesman from Akron, flipping on HBO in his hotel room hoping for a mildly erotic movie, could make of this fantastic voyage into the inner arteries of politics," writes Maureen Dowd ("Eighty-eightsomething," August 1). I caught "Tanner '88" at the Hilton on 28th Street in Grand Rapids, Michigan. By coincidence, the episode took place in a black neighborhood in Detroit. I appreciated the well-acted dialectic on the legalization of drugs, and found the program marred only by Garry Trudeau's obsessive antipathy for George Bush.

Political junkies are everywhere, Ms. Dowd. Ray Bliss, a *genuine* insider, lived and died in Akron.

RICHARD F. MARSH
Akron, Ohio

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NEW ORLEANS DIARIST

Let Facts Be Submitted to a Stupid World

WITH TWO DAYS down and two to go at the Republican convention, George Bush's glass is either half full or half empty. He's picked his running mate, but he hasn't made his big speech, so we'll see. Other than that, the only half-full glasses around here are the ones that haven't yet been drained and/or freshened. Heavy drinking is practically mandatory in New Orleans. So is heavy eating. A combination of the two kept the press sedated and docile during the crucial days leading up to the convention, days they might otherwise have used to work themselves into an ugly mood. For the Republicans, New Orleans was an intelligent choice.

DAN QUAYLE is a choice too, but not one in which intelligence appears to have played a role. He's young, he's pretty, he's rich, and he's very, very right-wing, but is that enough? The good looks are supposed to close the gender gap. The fact that this logic is sexist does not necessarily prove that it's wrong, but, as it happens, it is wrong. Women tend to be Democrats because Democratic policies serve their interests, not because Republicans are insufficiently cute. The nomination of yet another advocate of criminalizing abortion is not likely to convince them otherwise. Quayle's fortune, which is even larger than Lloyd Bentsen's, comes from the Pulliam newspaper chain, whose flagship papers are the extremely conservative *Indianapolis Star* and the ditto *Arizona Republic*. Both his money and his politics belong to him by inheritance. Should the ticket win and some fatal mischance befall Bush, the presidency would be added to that list—a sobering, even alarming, thought. What Quayle adds in the way of postadolescent energy he more than detracts by the absence of any hint of seriousness and stature. He certainly doesn't add Indiana, which was already destined to go Republican, as it has in every election since 1964. Why then was he chosen? The only plausible answer is that his very lack of stature and independence makes Bush happy. Quayle will be deferential, even more deferential to Bush than Bush was to Reagan. Let the word go forth from this time and place: the dog has been passed to a new generation of laps.

THE SUPERDOME has been divided in half by an enormous blue curtain. On one side is the convention, all bright lights and noise and bunting. On the other side, the darkened, silent half-oval is packed with mysterious trailers. It is from these trailers that the convention is actually run. Crossing from one side to the other brings to mind the climactic scene from *The Wizard of Oz*, when Toto pulls aside the curtain in the throne room of the Great Oz to reveal the wizard, frantically pulling levers and shouting, "Ignore that man!"

AS FREUD teaches us, revealing things happen when the synapses connecting the human mouth to the human brain unexpectedly get crossed. Sitting on the podium in Madison Square Garden as Jimmy Carter delivered his 1980 acceptance speech, I was horrified when Carter mangled the name of one of the party elders, but I shouldn't have been surprised: "Hubert Horatio Hornblower" was the Georgians' private nickname for their former rival. Monday night it was Ronald Reagan's turn (and *his* speechwriter's). Reagan was congratulating himself about how much better everything is now than it was in Carter's day, punctuating each point with the refrain "Facts are stubborn things," drawn from a John Adams quote, when suddenly, after point No. 4, a telegram arrived from the old boy's unconscious. And for Reagan it's true: facts *are* stupid things. Consider some of the ones Reagan was rehearsing. Inflation went down: yes, but that was entirely the work of Paul Volcker, a Carter appointee. The U.S. response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was "to forbid our athletes to participate in the 1980 Olympics and to pull the rug out from under our farmers with a grain and soybean embargo." Yes (and those steps took considerable political courage), but Carter also sent military aid to the Afghan guerrillas, a policy Reagan continued. "We cut the tax rates for the working folks of America." Income tax rates, yes, but the total federal tax burden on "working folks" is sharply higher now than it was when Reagan took office. "We pulled out of a tailspin and created 17-and-a-half million good jobs." Yes, but during the preceding eight years, the years of doom and malaise, the economy also created 17-and-a-half million jobs. The deficits are Congress's fault because "the president doesn't vote for the budget." Yes, but the president does submit a budget; and the budgets Reagan submitted would have yielded even higher deficits than the ones Congress passed. American freedoms include the freedom "to choose among 200 flavors of ice cream." Yes, but that is largely the work of bearded, hippie ice cream entrepreneurs from Massachusetts.

I'M TOLD Reagan's speech went over well on television, but in the hall it was a dud. The president was a remote figure on the dais, looking remarkably like one of those cutouts people have their picture taken with. And the sound system was faint and tinny, forcing the delegates to cheer zingers they couldn't hear. By Tuesday morning the problem had been repaired. Al Haig's amazing bat metaphor was therefore perfectly audible. In case you missed it, the Democratic Party is a little like a dodo and a little like an ostrich, but mostly it's "like a bat—blind as a bat, endowed with the sophisticated sensing mechanisms we saw in Atlanta but totally unable to differentiate, flying erratically for brief periods at low levels and hanging upside down for extended periods in dark, damp caves up to its navel in guano."

THE EVENING session offered few such delights. Jeane Kirkpatrick let down her fans by making a reasoned argument mostly free of the venom of her "San Francisco Democrats" screed four years ago. Pat Robertson, perhaps looking ahead to next year's Bastille bicentenary, offered a lengthy critique of the French Revolution. He also said that the Democrats would have us all be in one big family with "Teddy Kennedy as Big Brother." Nothing wrong with attacking Teddy, but one would have thought that jeering references to his status as a brother would be omitted as a matter of taste. Governor Tom Kean of New Jersey, the keynoter, showed, disappointingly, that despite his own excellent liberal record he is capable of low-level, demagogic liberal-bashing. On the other hand, he did slyly contrive to get the entire convention to chant repeatedly, "MORE TAXES!" And he finished his speech with a long, loving quotation from "The House I Live In," an old Popular Front song written by Earl Robinson and popularized by Paul Robeson, Stalinists both. Even here, *glasnost* reigns.

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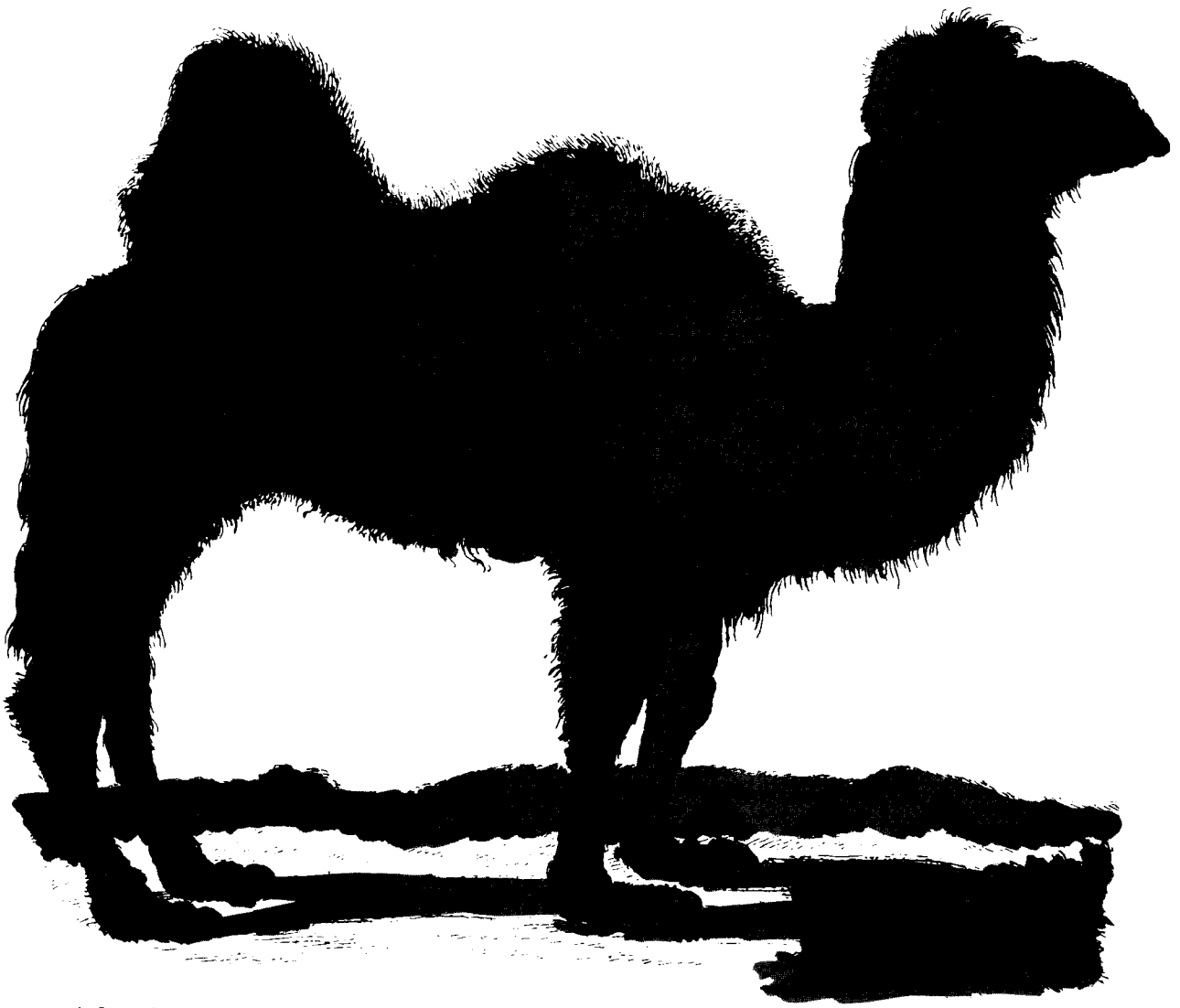

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